BRITANNIA and EVE

AUGUST, 1953

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BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 47 No. 2 AUGUST, 1953

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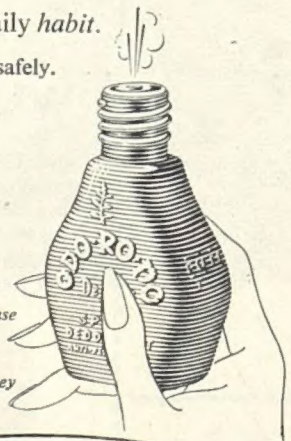

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7A

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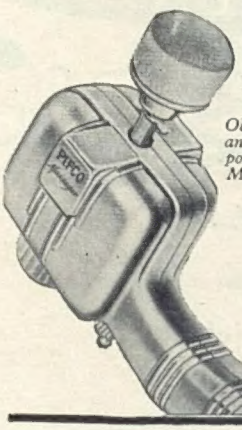
it's good to be alive

Whatever your age, you can be vital and enjoy the zest for living if you can feel well and be free from pain. If you suffer from rheumatism, sciatica or any other common ill, from aching feet or tired muscles, relieve these pains and help keep free from them the easy, pleasant way. Vibratory massage is the remedy. You can enjoy it in your own home with the Pifco Vibratory Massager. It soothes and stimulates, is good for taut nerves, induces healthy sleep. It tones you up and really makes you feel that it's good to be alive.



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Regd. Trade Mark

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However much you use your Aga, it is *guaranteed* not to burn more than 3½ tons of fuel in a year. On coke (it will also burn Anthracite or Phurnacite) this works out at about 1/- a day.

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Aga models from £90 to £123 ex works

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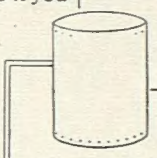
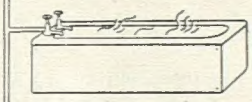
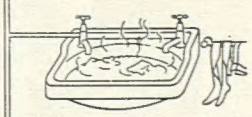


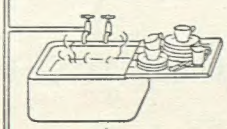
lots of it all day long



enough for three baths a day



a useful 'wash'



and all the washing-up and your cooking goes on just the same!

All from one fire in the

AGA

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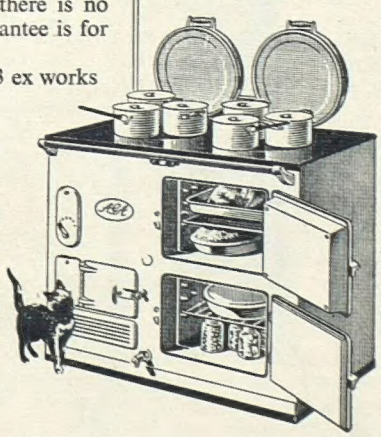

NOW THEN There's nothing to be shy about. There are a hundred thousand happy people with an Aga of their own. The first thing most of them did was to write in and ask for information — and that is the first thing you should do. The address to write to is:

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is therefore a charming economy.

When she married the ruling Prince of one of the smallest States, she was a most famous beauty.

HOW LOVELY IT WAS

By

J. DELVES-BROUGHTON

Author of "I Saw No Sun."

Illustrations by

S. VAN ABBE.

THE old Princess belonged to that epoch which the English call Edwardian. Money bought more and more pleasure, and it wasn't yet a sin to have money. The gay world seemed so safe though the Great Powers built Dreadnoughts and growled at each other. A man called Blériot flew the Channel, but very few people took flying seriously; it was a sport more dangerous than steeplechasing for daring young men. One of the old Princess's lovers had been one of these early airmen. He had been getting intransigent and difficult when he had crashed in the Alps, the first aeroplane to shatter itself on the glacier of that particular mountain. The shock of his end had been followed by relief, he would never take a hint. Nevertheless, she felt romantic about flying for some years afterwards until aeroplanes became commonplace. Of course, she wasn't the *old* Princess then.

She was a famous beauty, one of the most beautiful women in Europe when she married the ruling Prince of one of its smallest states. If the Great Powers hadn't all been so jealous of each other one of them must surely have swallowed it up, and it was not big enough to divide between them, so it remained intact, even through two world wars.

The Princess's husband did not comprehend this. He was a very high-minded old-fashioned man. He did not see why his picturesque and inoffensive little country should not enjoy its independence, and he believed that God had appointed him to be its ruler. He did not, of course, believe in democracy or the popular vote, or anything of the kind, but he did believe he was responsible to heaven for the welfare of his subjects. He was very conscientious and a lot of people smiled at him. It was really rather funny, his sublime and innocent ignorance of his wife's infidelities.

Crowned heads, great noblemen, great wits, beautiful and darling young men—she had been a feather in a king's cap and a crown to a young lieutenant—she flashed through her age and sparkled in its memoirs. Her loves were famous. Her husband remained in the background of her life. He occupied himself with his duties as a ruler and diverted himself with his famous stamp collection, and when he was a young man, big game shooting, he only liked to kill dangerous animals. "He is so sentimental at heart," his wife would say when she thought about him. They had no children. He brought up his nephew very carefully to succeed him.

The old Prince was pushed in a wheel chair by his elderly valet and his orderly. She knew they would study his comfort so she left him completely to them and enjoyed herself.

THEN the First World War came and the lights went out all over Europe. The Princess's gay world never came back, although there was another sort of gaiety. The old gaiety had seemed to rest on such sure foundations, beneath the new was a bottomless pit. Other lights were lit, but everybody knew that they might be blown out at any moment. Nothing was safe any more.

The Princess was still beautiful, but she was not young any longer. Fashions were hideous, but she must be to the forefront of fashion. Her skirts and her hair got shorter and shorter. She had been loved for her beauty once, now it was her prestige and, finally, her money and her position bought the outward semblance of love. Wherever gaiety was sought and professionally catered for, she was seen and photographed. Her husband would have preferred that she did not spend so much money at a time when there was so much misery from inflation and unemployment, but he said very little to her. He spent much time and trouble, trying to cushion his people from the shocks of the outer world. He did no more big game shooting and spent very little money on his stamp collection. But every year he invested more of his private fortune in the United States. He thought that the Atlantic Ocean afforded a measure of protection.

The Princess danced the Charleston and the Tango with men young enough to be her sons. She spent more and more time and money on beauty specialists, masseurs and dieticians So much of her life consisted in undergoing " treatments " to restore those things which time had taken away for ever. But her wit was still brilliant though her beauty faded. There was so little wit in the mass-produced civilisation around her, that it shone all the more. The Bright Young People applauded her sayings and were secretly afraid of her. Her mockery was razor-edged.

NEXT the Second World War came and brought a worse chaos and misery. Hitler occupied the little principality in spite of its declared neutrality, and then it was only just spared a Russian occupation by the timely arrival of the United States Armed Forces. The Princess had known what it was to be in danger when she had hidden or tried to protect escaping prisoners and other victims of totalitarian tyranny. She had been cold and uncomfortable and short of food, but at least she had not been bored. Now she saw her world in ruins and foreign soldiers strolling about in the shabby streets of her husband's capital, even though they had come as friends.

Her husband spent his dollar investments to buy food and precious drugs for his people and for the many unfortunates, refugees and displaced persons within his borders. He wore himself out, touring the country, the hospitals and the camps. Finally he became critically ill with pneumonia, and only the newest and most precious of the drugs saved him. He would be eighty in two years and his doctors declared that

he must go to the South of France and have a prolonged rest. He protested : his precious dollar funds must not be spent on his health and pleasure. But his wife reinforced the doctors. She was not thinking so much of him but of herself. Perhaps she could pretend her way back in the places where she had once been happy. Cannes ! Monte Carlo ! Nice ! She did not know how much was left, but at least there was the climate. (She had had six cold winters in the little principality.) Perhaps she could imagine the world she had lost before the two wars, the world which had been so gay and witty, so charming and so cultivated—and so safe.

The old Prince gave way. He always apparently gave way to her, but she never seemed to interfere with those things which he held as vitally important. Their lives had seemed to run on parallel tracks ; her lovers and her pursuit of gaiety beside his old-fashioned paternal conception of monarchy.

SO she saw blue skies again and blue seas and the sun blazed on flat white walls and cast long black shadows. She absorbed sun like a cat basking. It was not kind to ageing faces, but dark glasses and shady hats could shelter her from its too pitiless discoveries, and the heavenly warmth soaked into her body, deep into her nerve-centres and the very marrow of her bones. She could have purred. And every night she massaged her face with the new hormone cream which might make her look as young as the sunshine made her feel.

The old Prince was pushed in a wheeled chair by his elderly valet and his elderly orderly She knew they would study his comfort ; she left him completely to them. He would have been astounded by a show of wifely attention. He was the only man she had never tried to captivate—after their marriage. She had taken him for granted for fifty years.

The sea was the same and the sun, the mimosa and the palms and the flat white buildings ; the famous casino still stood. The unchanged scene was haunted by ghosts who still possessed flesh and blood, however dried and shrivelled —ghosts of those gay and witty, charming, famous or notorious people who had once been young with her. They seemed to creep into the sun as if from unknown hiding-places, as if they had crept out of the dead years. Was *that* really the Countess X, the Ambassador Y, the beautiful (and notorious) Mrs. Z ? Was *that* the ex-King —— ? Her first horror was checked when they spoke. They were so delighted to see her again, they praised her and paid her compliments, she looked so well ! So young, they almost said. I am young ! she thought.

She could talk again of the old days with them. Do you remember when we were at Deauville in 1905—in Marienbad in 1909—when we went down the Rhine in 1911 ? That time in Berlin when Karl Anton and Putzi—that time in

Soon he was lunching and dining with her every day. The hotel guests stared.

Monte Carlo when Annemarie and Nando—do you remember *when* ? How lovely it was !

THAT was a phrase in a modern tune which the hotel band played. She didn't know the name of the piece, she didn't listen to the other words which the singer sang, but once she asked for an encore, and afterwards the *chef d'orchestre* always played it when he saw her. How lovely it was ! But it wasn't lovely any longer. Those living ghosts didn't want to talk of the remote past and its happiness ; they preferred to talk of the immediate past and its miseries. (Why ? she thought. I suffered too. I want to forget.) But they talked of the Occupation, of the cold and hunger and the difficulty of getting money, of the ruin brought by the totalitarian armies, so that although the war had ended, their troubles did not. At the worst all was swept away, at the least there was difficulty in getting enough currency to stay in this favoured spot. Illness alone could help. She lent money she knew she would never see again. She had always been generous. But she shrank away from the ghosts who still breathed. Had these men once loved her, had these women ever challenged her ? If they had not still been there she could have remembered them as once they had been.

The famous casino still stood, but it was filled with cheap, second-rate people, venturing little and snatching their small winnings with petty greed. Some of those living ghosts she tried to avoid were there, playing their vaunted " systems," venturing a daily pittance. The old spirit was gone ! No one now staked his whole fortune to break the bank or shoot himself. She remembered very well a man who had shot himself in the casino gardens. Not because he had lost. Oh, no ! He had won—heavily. But she had rejected him with laughter. He had scattered his now worthless winnings, notes and golden coins alike, about the garden and shattered his brains under *that* palm tree. It had only grown very little bigger . . . but there were no men left like that now.

SHE did not want to win and she did not care if she lost, so what was the point of playing ? She did not think she would come again, and was leaving the casino when she saw a slender young man in a shabby dinner-jacket waiting near the entrance. Another young fellow with a red head, wearing a crumpled flannel suit—not even dressed for the evening !—said in English : " Aren't you going to stake something, Tony ? "

" My dear chap, I wouldn't care to lose fifty francs ! "

" Well, lose twenty-five then ! And you might win."

" Yes, but it would be rather *low* to win from such a mingy little stake."

" And what 's that to do with it ? I don't see——"

" This place expects style ! That 's its charm. A more spacious age ! "

" Bilge ! "

She had stopped inevitably to listen, and the young man who extolled style, smiled at her ; a charming smile as if he had expected her to understand him. And she smiled, too, as she went out to her waiting car, and something stirred in her. He was like—he was like—ah ! She had it. He had a look of that long-dead airman. Something about the shape of his head and the way it was set on his shoulders. She had forgotten how tiresome that (*Continued on page* 64.)

How much do you know of the great inheritance of places and properties which is held in trust for the nation?

Willy Lott's cottage, familiar as one of Constable's favourite subjects

This Our Heritage

By ALAN BRIEN

"I HAVE no great love for potted landscapes," said the witty and erudite historian G. M. Young, "and I shall join no society for Putting England Under a Glass Case." Eventually we all get the England we deserve. If we insist on buying every Sunday millions of copies of newspapers devoted to murder, rape and arson, we must not be surprised if the incidence of these crimes continues to rise until we ourselves appear in the columns as a surprised victim. In just the same way if we continue to ulcerate our main roads with bungaloid growths, and scar our beauty spots with tin petrol stations and red-brick Ye Olde Tea Shoppes, we must accept the fact that the real rural England of quiet valleys and splendid, isolated country houses prefers to be interred in a glass museum case rather than an aluminium coffin.

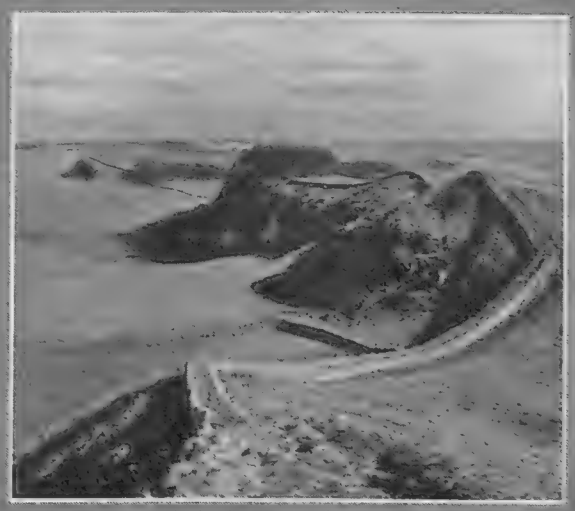
Fortunately, however, there is a third choice. The National Trust is there to preserve our countryside and historic homes alive and in their natural surroundings. Today more than 1,000 properties totalling 210,000 acres, one in every 190 in the whole of Great Britain, is under its ownership and control. The Trust, even in these days of nationalisation, is independent of the State and carries out its immense and invaluable task on the donations of generous patrons and the subscriptions of its 36,000 members. No gift of land is accepted unless it can be made self-supporting.

FEW people realize the variety of the National Trust's holdings. They imagine that it consists of a few country houses, a promontory or two in the Lake District and half a dozen historic shrines. In fact, the list of the Trust's property is a cross-section of all that is best in traditional England. The roll-call of the names is like a stanza of pastoral poetry: Prickly Pear Blossom Park, Shadybank Common, Wheal Emily, Six Brothers' Field, Croaker's Patch, Angrouse Cliff, Blackbottle Rock and Old Man of Mow.

Often the National Trust protects the land *against* the public. The thirty tiny Farne Islands, where St. Cuthbert and St. Aidan lived as anchorites and Grace Darling rowed on her mission of mercy, are lonely sanctuaries for the puffins and oyster catchers and grey seals in the cold North Sea. In Wicker Sedge Fen, hundreds of generations of rare and lovely birds can mate and hatch their eggs among the wind-swept rushes ignorant of callous and destructive man.

The homes of many famous men can (*Continued on page* 58)

Bodiam Castle standing four-square in a lake starred with lilies



Three and a half miles of Hadrian's Wall is now safe in the care of the National Trust

BY

RUTH MILLER

THEY LIVE

"THE Red Cross—oh, yes, they did wonderful work during the war!" How often do we hear that sort of remark—which only tells half the story. Peace or war, the Red Cross helps human beings in distress, whatever their race, class or creed, victors or vanquished; whether their misery is man-made or Nature's doing.

There was a time when it was quite easy, and elegant, to do "good works," when ladies bountiful rode up in comfortable carriages to dispense alms to the grateful poor. Today, it's still *possible* to be of use to one's less fortunate fellow-creatures gracefully, and at set hours. There are the hospital libraries to be run and the sewing circles to organize; there are the old and lonely to visit and sick children to be amused. But *wherever* there's need there's the Red Cross, whether it's at the fair where a child has been bitten by a monkey, or whether it's in the jungle where a man has been bitten by a poisonous snake—or wounded by a bullet.

Wilful horrors like Belsen or the sufferings caused by war in Korea, or calamities for which no one can be held responsible, floods, T.B. amongst the children, epidemics; such occasions produce our modern heroines—heroines quite unlike the story-book ones, quite unlike our awed conception of the women about whom we read that they went, single-handed into the jungle, or into refugee-camps where epidemics were rife. These women's experiences, when told by the friendly, usually rather shy women themselves, sound incongruous and unbelievable. These are not hard, or hearty, or unfeminine, super-efficient amazons!

In fact there is no one word which would sum up their diverse characters—the only quality they all have in common is just what one would least expect: They all have an air of contentment, so rare today. They quite obviously never ask themselves "what's it all about—what is it all *for*?" a question most women ask themselves once their children can look after themselves, or their jobs become routine.

It seems that in this world today, where so many wrongs need setting right, those who are active in the things about which so many of us never talk, are happiest.

Miss Miriam Jowett, M.B.E.

LET us look at some of the women who make the Red Cross what it is. There is Sister Ella Jorden. Dressed in a soft suit and becomingly embroidered blouse, rather shy, infinitely friendly and reassuring. She looks anything but the bold and fearless pioneer she is. "I really wanted to be a missionary," she explains, "my ancestors broke away from the Church with Wesley and the Methodist tradition has always been very

Miss Helen Barclay, M.B.E.

WITH DANGER

strong in our family." So Ella Jorden trained as a nurse, qualified, and waited for posting.

"I had hoped to go to Africa—that continent had always fascinated me, but I was sent to China—which turned out just as interesting. I worked in a Chinese hospital and immediately got myself a native teacher. I do that wherever I am—I have no patience with interpreters—it matters so much *how* a thing is said—especially when you talk to human beings who are in great need.

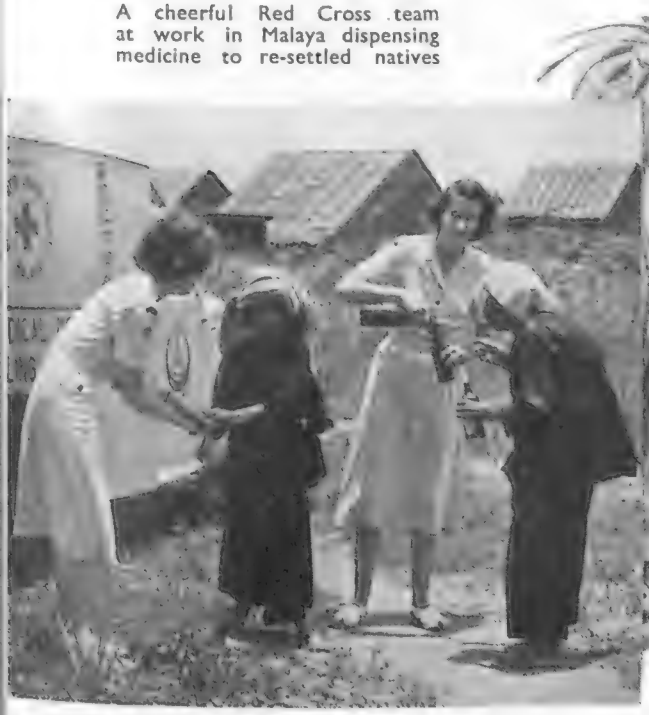
She remembers, laughing, how "basic" her Chinese was. "Once I had to say that a patient was to have chicken for dinner, but I only knew the words for egg and for mother—so I said the patient was to eat "mother of egg." I didn't live that story down for a very long time! It is that sort of incident she prefers to remember, rather than the less amusing ones that followed. War broke out and Sister Jorden was interned by the Japanese. After her liberation, she joined the Red Cross almost at once, "because I knew they needed trained nurses. I had gained seven pounds the first week I was in their hands, when they 'took over' the Jap camp." She knows, at first hand, what the Red Cross means to people in despair.

AFTER short home leave, Miss Jorden went to Germany for two years, into a Displaced Persons Camp. But of all her experiences, the most harrowing was yet to come: a refugee camp in the Middle East. Seventeen thousand Arab homeless, a staff of six, no resident doctor, insufficient medical supplies, but more sickness, more flies than she thought could ever be brought together.

To give a glimpse of the conditions out there, and of Miss Jorden's vital sincere personality: A B.B.C. broadcast appeal which she made, on behalf of these refugees one Sunday night, brought in the second-highest total ever collected through this medium—and that for a cause not particularly near to the average listeners' hearts.

Finally, in 1950, Sister Jorden came back to England—with a terrific record of overwork and cheerfulness. She came home exhausted, but nevertheless keen to go out again as soon as possible. This time, the Red Cross H.Q. sent her to Malaya. She toured the country, jungle villages and towns, looking for suitable sites where mobile clinics could be held. "And then I helped to organize twenty-five teams, of two girls each, to hold these clinics. Sometimes we would go miles into jungle country and attend to the local population under a tree, or in a coffee house—wherever it was convenient." Probably more convenient (*Continued on page* 65)

Miss Rene England



A cheerful Red Cross team at work in Malaya dispensing medicine to re-settled natives

Sister Ella Jorden

Miss Nightingale in Harley Street

by

GUY LIVINGSTON

MID-WAY through August, 1853, dwellers in London's Upper Harley Street noted unusual activity at No. 1. They saw workmen moving in and out, beds, furniture and nursing-home equipment being delivered, and a few days later a number of sick and invalid ladies arriving. And directing everything they remarked a tall, distinguished-looking, obviously capable young woman—a woman whose name, then unknown, was in two years to ring through England for her heroic services in the Crimea.

Florence Nightingale, as newly-appointed Superintendent of the Institution for Sick Gentlewomen in Distressed Circumstances, was taking her first "situation," apprenticing herself professionally to the nursing career which she had long sought and in which she was to make history.

That was the public side of this Harley Street venture of hers that took place just 100 years ago. Behind it, screened from the world, was the private side, the compelling personal urge that drove this well-to-do young lady of thirty-three to flout Victorian convention so brazenly by going out to work instead of staying quietly at home.

Florence's acceptance of the Harley Street post was, in fact, her final break-away from the cloistered, sterile existence which had been frustrating her for years. Here, she felt, was her chance to do something worth while, to direct her drive and energy into a calling that satisfied her restless, crusading spirit.

THE life that she was giving up was, materially speaking, a pleasant one: parties, dinners, London's social round, country-house visits, travel, agreeable and distinguished companionship. And there was Embley (the Nightingales' Hampshire home where she spent much of her time and to which she had once been so attached—Embley with its smooth sweeping lawns, its riot of crimson rhododendrons, its heavy-scented golden azaleas; a place of beauty and peace which lately had seemed to be confining her like a prison.

Too long had she seen herself with dismay sinking into the aimless, dependent, milk-and-water routine of the wealthy mid-Victorian daughter at home—the needlework, the water-colour sketching, the carriage drives, the drawing-room small-talk. And these, she had decided, were not for her.

It was this conviction, combined with a wish to take up nursing, that had driven her, from the age of twenty-four, to start visiting hospitals in London and abroad. And it was to further her nursing aim that she had braved the disapproval of her mother and her sister Parthe and taken a training course in 1851 at a hospital at Kaiserswerth in Germany.

Not satisfied with this she had gone early in 1853 to Paris, intending to work at a Home of the Sisters of Charity and visit various Paris hospitals. But here the fates were against her. After a month of intensive visits to all kinds of public institutions she had been recalled to England to nurse a dying grandmother and so had had to cancel her training with the sisters.

Then it was that Florence's opportunity had come. Early in April, 1853, she heard from Liz Herbert (wife of her friend Sidney Herbert, Secretary for War) that Lady Canning was looking for a Superintendent to supervise the reorganization of the Institution for Sick Gentlewomen on its removal from Chandos Street to Upper Harley Street.

Florence was much taken with the idea and a few days later attended for interview by the Committee of Ladies, whose Chairman was Lady Canning. She made an excellent impression, but her prospects of selection were momentarily jeopardized by her old friend Marianne Nicholson (a committee member) tactlessly suggesting that Florence's family would disapprove of her taking the post. And indeed the family had all along opposed Florence's cherished plans for independence. But lately Mr. Nightingale had come round to his daughter's views, and now actually offered her an allowance of £500 a year. More unexpected, her mother and sister, annoyed at Marianne's attitude, sided with Florence and thus all objections to her taking the post collapsed and she was accepted.

IT was a great moment for Florence. Here she was, at thirty-three, independent, officially in charge of an institution, set over a group of people and free to try out and use her latent powers of leadership and organization. That she was to get no pay detracted not at all from her sense of satisfaction.

The next months were a busy time of preparation. Her head buzzed with schemes for the new Harley Street premises. "I am living in an ideal world of lifts, gas, baths and double and single wards," she wrote that summer. (And even while laid low by measles during another abortive visit to Paris to train at the Sisters' Home she went on planning.)

She had wonderful ideas for piping hot water to every floor and conveying patients' food upstairs by a "windlass installation." She explained to Lady Canning how such a contrivance would save the nurses' legs and also stressed the advantages of a system of bells that would show at a glance which one had been rung. She posed the committee endless questions and sent them running around London examining samples of her suggestions.

Exacting, dynamic and managing as she was by nature, she found the committee ineffective and (*Continued on page 64*)

The two years preceding Florence Nightingale's departure to the Crimea, enabled her to use her latent powers of leadership and organization

GRANDMOTHER shook her grey curls as she examined the ugly reddish-blue weal on Jasper's throat. "Did that horrid little Richards girl scratch you darling?"

"The Predestined"

An alarming short story

by

Q. PATRICK

IT was Jasper's tenth birthday. There had been strawberries and cream for tea on the lawn, and a party of nice-mannered boys and girls had solemnly presented him with gifts and wished him many happy returns.

But Jasper, an ungracious host, had shown more interest in the strawberries and the gifts than in his guests' comfort. In fact, there had been a scuffle with a diminutive female guest, whose pigtails he had so continually tweaked that she had rounded upon him in a sudden burst of impolite ferocity.

Now that the avenger had departed along with the other guests, Jasper seemed the prey to the listlessness of bored repletion. His grandmother was watching him anxiously.

"Is your new collar too tight?" she asked solicitously, as Jasper unloosened his birthday tie and was unbuttoning his first really "grown-up" shirt. "Come here, my dear, and let me look."

Jasper, a handsome, heavy boy, moved sulkily towards her.

"Why, good gracious, your poor neck is all black and blue! Did that horrid little Richards girl scratch you, darling?" Grandmother shook her grey curls as she examined the ugly reddish-blue weal on Jasper's throat. "It can't be the shirt. I bought it large on purpose to allow for growth. Does it hurt you, my pet?"

Jasper gave a non-committal groan. An orphan child, living alone with a doting grandmother, he knew that slight indispositions often had their concomitant advantages; such as pleasant pamperings, tempting food and freedom from school. On the other hand. . . .

"Or perhaps it's strawberry rash. Your poor father always used to break out after strawberries. It's just struck eight, and if we hurry we'll be in time to catch Dr. Barnes. He usually stays late in his surgery Saturday nights."

Jasper was not so pleased at this. Dr. Barnes was apt to pooh-pooh childish malingerings and to prescribe nasty medicines. But this time his neck really *did* hurt him quite badly—a sort of chokey feeling. Perhaps he was going to be ill after all.

A few minutes later Dr. Barnes was casting a professional eye over Jasper.

"Where did you say the rash was, Mrs. Dogarty? I can't see anything."

ILLUSTRATIONS BY D. L. MAYS

"It wasn't exactly a rash; it was a sort of mark—more like a bruise." She moved nearer, peering through thick spectacles. "Well, bless me, it's gone completely. It must have been a trick of light. My eyes are not what they were."

"But it hurt," put in Jasper.

"Well it doesn't hurt any more." Dr. Barnes gave him a playful pinch. "Tummy's a bit fat, but—all's well that ends well."

He might have added: "And all's bad that begins badly."

* * *

ON the last Saturday of the Summer Term, Dr. Hodson, headmaster of St. Ewold's School, made a habit of inviting the ten senior boys to a buffet supper at his home. From among these he would choose the prefects for the coming year, to supplant those who were leaving. And, being a wise man, he valued the opinion of his wife and daughters in making his selections.

Like soldiers on parade the boys had lined up outside the headmaster's door, sleek and shiny as soap, shoe-polish and brilliantine could make them. Jasper, third in line of seniority, longed for (and fully expected) the honour of prefecture, with its privileges, comforts and potentialities of dominance. He had, perhaps, thought too little of its responsibilities.

On the stroke of eight, the senior boy knocked at the headmaster's door. As he did so there was a choking sound, and he turned to see Dogarty staggering out of line, clutching feverishly at his collar and pulling at the neat knot of his tie.

"Fall out, Dogarty," hissed the senior boy.

The Mesdames Hodson were extremely polite in accepting Jasper's apologies for being late. But their eagle eyes had taken note of the unbuttoned collar, barely hidden by the crooked tie. Nor did his hair have that guardsman "spit-and-polish" to which these critical ladies were accustomed on such near-formal occasions.

"I don't think so much of your Dogarty," said Mrs. Hodson, after the boys had bowed themselves politely out at ten o'clock.

"Not mine, my dear," said the headmaster, with his famous whimsical smile, "but St. Ewold's. A good scholar and a good athlete, handsome, but——"

"Handsome is as handsome does," put in the youngest and most tactless of the girls. "And Handsome didn't offer me any of that trifle, though he took two helpings himself."

"His eyes are too close together," said the eldest daughter, "and his mouth is too red for a boy's. Besides—if he can't tie his own tie properly, how can he make other boys do it? Jones mi. told me he was a bully; and he's not a bit popular. . . ."

Here the headmaster held up his hand with his oft-repeated adjuration against telling tales either in or out of school. Then he added: "Well, I think Dogarty may go a long way—a very long way." But he did not say in which direction.

However, it came to pass that, despite his fine athletic record and a brilliant scholarship to Cambridge, Jasper Dogarty never had his name inscribed amongst those who had been prefects at St. Ewold's.

HE would have brought matters to a head as they punted down to Byron's pool between the daisied banks of the Cam, but the pekinese created a diversion whenever relations threatened to become too intimate

* * *

MAY-WEEK at Cambridge, with examinations over and dreamy, sunny days—punting along the Cam—moonlit nights with their gay college dances—the announcement of optimistic engagements—with Youth having a final, carefree fling before stepping out from the sheltered groves of Academe into the cold, withering realities of everyday life.

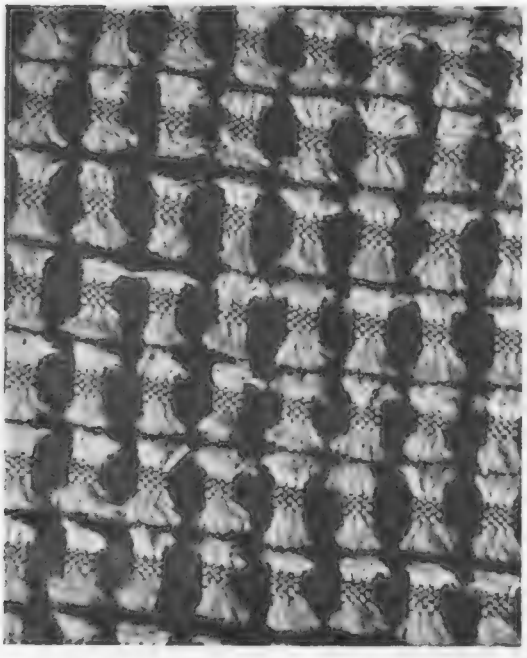
And to Jasper these realities might well prove withering and cold. His grandmother's legacy—aided by his scholarship—had barely seen him through Cambridge. A double first and the glamour surrounding a "rugger blue" are valuable in their way. But their value so often dies with the shouting and the tumult of graduation, and they are no guarantees of a safe, remunerative job later on. Unless, of course, they have enabled one to find the right connections.

And here Jasper had been lucky, or perhaps clever. Though not generally popular, he had managed to secure the friendship of Douglas Mervyn, who had good-naturedly invited him to share his suite of rooms in Trumpington Street and, more good-naturedly, had invited him to his home during the long vacations. Here Jasper had made good ground with Sir Montague Mervyn, the great industrialist, and also with his only daughter, Eunice. Jasper had managed to convince himself that he would have been genuinely in love with Eunice, even if her father had not been in a position to find a good job for any worthy young man he fancied and, of course, an even better situation for a son-in-law. Jasper felt sure that Eunice, for all her Puritanical upbringing and her ice-clear, grey (*Continued on page 67*)

Surface Values

Texture contrast is as vital as colour contrast in the assembly of an attractive furnishing scheme. MICHAEL SHERIDAN talks about the "face value" of visible surfaces in decoration

Hard, smooth surfaces everywhere except for contrast of a candlewick bedspread and curtains



A case where pattern is largely derived from the texture contrast with tufts on a flat surface

AND now, 3-D in the home. Next time you're redecorating a room don't be surprised if the salesman offers you a 3-D furnishing fabric, carpet or even a 3-D wallpaper. But don't worry—it won't mean you're expected to live perpetually in polarized goggles. Substitute "texture" for "three-dimensional" and you'll have a good idea what it's all about.

Since the war, texture has become a dominant theme in decoration—a theme that recurs with increasing frequency almost every time we buy something for the home. In many ways, it has taken the place once occupied by pattern. And small wonder, for texture is the decorator's answer to both the restless, jumbled patterns of the jazz era and the timid monochromatic schemes which followed them. It is bringing the best of both worlds to our homes: the liveliness and vitality of contrast and the restfulness of unity.

As always, the decorator has taken his cue from the architect. The architect exploits texture when he contrasts natural brick with smooth plaster or rough plaster with sleek glass as he does in so many modern buildings. The decorator twists the theme for his own ends by, for example, treating the slick lines of a modern chair as a foil for a rough deep-textured fabric.

He is exploiting texture contrast even when he avoids monotony by the simple device of painting walls a matt, and woodwork a glossy, version of the same colour. He may introduce texture interest by a wicker lampshade, achieve "pattern" without discord by marrying a candlewick bedspread with a smooth Wilton carpet or "pep up" austere modern furniture with exciting tufted curtains that certainly justify the Americans' tag of three-dimensional.

* * * *

NOT content with the possibilities offered by normal textures—for, after all, everything has a texture of some kind—designers and manufacturers in every sphere are busy creating new ones. The carpet designer gives us three-dimensional carpets by using two different heights of pile in the same carpet or by contrasting the cut pile of a Wilton and the looped pile of a Brussels.

Some such textured carpets combine the decorative advantages of a plain carpet with some of the advantages of a pattern. For, although the pattern created by the texture is not marked enough to impose limitations on the rest of the scheme, it *is* sufficient to disguise the tread marks and specks of dust that make the average plain carpet a bugbear in most homes.

The textile designer, too, has invented his own methods of bringing 3-D to furnishing fabrics. He makes "fancy" yarns with thick and thin places or with a series of knops which, in the finished fabric, stand out as raised spots. He winds a lustrous yarn round a matt one or a fine yarn round a coarse one. He gives us fabrics with stripes of long curly wool like natural lambs' wool or with embossed checks. He gives us fabrics with patterns formed of—literally—three-dimensional tufts or loops and knobbly tweeds whose only pattern is derived from the texture itself.

Sometimes the weaver will deliberately "distort" a fabric by bunching certain threads together to produce an open-work effect.

It is perhaps in these 3-D fabrics that texture has its greatest contribution to make to the modern home.

* * * *

A TEXTURE fabric is one which depends solely on texture contrast for its effect. Any pattern—and, if there is one, it is invariably a simple stripe or plaid—is purely coincidental. And therein lies its great advantage. For the "one room, one pattern" rule has by now been so drummed into most of us that we hesitate to use a second even when our instinct tells us that a plain fabric is not enough.

We have, for example, a long settee or bulky easy chair that cries aloud for a patterned cover even though there's quite enough pattern elsewhere in the room. A plain cover, we rightly feel, will make it look bigger than ever and dreary into the bargain. A textured fabric is almost certainly the answer. The texture will provide "movement" and interest, yet its "pattern" will not offend the eye.

The modern interest in texture has revived the centuries-old flock wallpaper now enjoying a new vogue. But, in addition, manufacturers are now offering us 3-D papers with raised designs in plastic pigments. Even better, they are producing heavily "pebbled" papers or papers resembling rough plaster in plain white ready for distempering or painting so that we can, so to speak, buy texture off-the-peg. A paper like this could be used for one wall or for a ceiling if the walls were smooth. Or, on a chimney breast, it would provide a pleasant contrast to the texture of a tiled fireplace surround.

Above : A shaggy rug gives the contrast and the softening note to the hard polish of satin surfaces, high-glossed wood and smooth-faced walls.

Right : Natural brick and plaster give the lead for other rough surfaces. The nature of these permits the use of sharply brilliant colours which, with smoother surfaces, could be overpowering.

Young as You Are

Middle-age dread does not respond to a diet, but there is a dividend to draw from enjoying the age you are and looking as though you enjoy it.

by LOUISA KAY

AT twenty you see the age of Thirty as The End, though mercifully hovering in infinity. When thirty comes, with just a shade less complacency, you substitute forty for the first number. Ten years later you begin to resign yourself to middle age, now in the middle distance; grow a complex about it or pretend that it can't happen to you. Each of these tactics is likely to put years on you and, however philosophical you may claim to be—hardly any of us are about our age—there is no point in making matters worse.

This, of course, is the season of Job's comforters who weigh in with the one about being "as young as you feel." This doesn't help, either, because nobody really wants to feel younger than the people of their own age, since we are apt to spend a lot of time with them.

There is a great deal to be said, however, for enjoying the age you are and looking as though you enjoy it. It is almost impossible not to be attractive in middle age when you are seeing life as a malleable thing and not as a conspiracy to age you.

The more you believe in the conspiracy theory, the harder it becomes to convince yourself as you approach forty that it is not essential to look twenty-five.

It isn't, of course. The charms of forty-five and fifty-five and even sixty-five are very real. They are especially real to men of a like age unless they happen to be emotionally immature, in which case let the twenties have them and welcome.

It is inviting frustration, but nevertheless a very good thing, to observe some woman you know of middle age who has kept her attractiveness and her youth more than most and try to analyse her secret. The conclusion is nearly always the same.

IF you want to make a purely superficial judgment you will say: "She has kept her figure . . . she is one of the lucky ones." A really critical assessment will discover that face and figure and the outward signs of attractiveness are supported by something from within. It is nearly always the same thing: enthusiasm, the *great dynamic*.

She is enthusiastic about her career, her home and family, her hobbies, her friends, in fact, about living. She is never, never bored.

Such women are generally realists and accept the fact of their age, since it cannot be changed. With this they accept also the small sacrifices of self-indulgence which keep the figure not young, but trim, the carriage not girlish, but poised. Diets *do* work on a thickening body when they *are* diets and not self-deception. A well-poised carriage streamlines even the elderly figure that defies itself to flag. Remember Queen Mary in her eighties?

An attractive middle-aged woman is probably well dressed. She has the energy to be. It takes a neat figure to look well in clothes after forty. It takes a little more trouble to find the clothes that become you, the colours that flatter changing skin and hair. But more than any of these things is a lively interest in the world about her that keeps this woman young.

The attractive woman on the shady side of forty is probably a happy one, and it follows from this that she is almost always a healthy one too. Not counting organic diseases (there is no absolute insurance against these at any age) the minor ailments which bedevil the middle years of women originate in the mind as often as in the body. This is not psychologist's jargon, but a medical fact. Boredom (even some busy women suffer from it); fear of the sloughs of age into which they think they are falling are tragic commonplaces. Symptoms of the emotional conflict they cause come in physical ailments, some with names and some without. Pills and potions do little for them, but new interests, fresh outlets, give stimulus to the mind, the exchange of negative thought for positive activity often achieves what the doctor is powerless to do.

IT is fatally easy for the home-bound woman, chained to the daily round without being stimulated, bored with eternal repetition, to surrender to the belief that Life has passed her by. It is fatally easy, too, to tell her to snap out of it. It is none the less true that Life does not pass us unless we stand still and watch it go by.

The woman we all would like to be at middle age is never still, except in the sense that she relaxes from physical and mental activity just enough.

You are as young as you are. And whatever you are it is a wonderful age to be.

TOM THUMB Gardens

BY ANNE ASHBERRY

Miniature maple tree.

GARDENING in miniature is a form of horticulture which appeals to all who have an appreciation of beauty on a small scale, as well as a love of growing plants. But the miniature garden is a boon to the would-be gardener who is thwarted by lack of space or time and cannot have a full-sized garden. Elderly people who are now not so active as they were, and invalids of all ages, can find in the miniature garden great pleasure and satisfaction, for it is REAL gardening, but can be enjoyed without fatigue.

A trough garden on a pedestal, a flat roof, balcony or a window-ledge can give all the pleasure of tending one's own plants together with all the hopes, excitements and, alas, some of the disappointments attendant upon watching growing plants develop. And for some there is the additional interest of designing and creating a little landscape to one's own ideas. For it is now possible to purchase trees and plants, together with a suitable trough and all the necessary materials, for making a garden. Or, if you prefer it, a complete garden can be designed and made especially for you. Such a garden, although measured in inches, can have colour and interest throughout the year.

The true garden in miniature should be planned with trees in proportion to one another and the container—flowering shrubs, minute rose bushes, herbaceous plants, bulbs and annuals, which come into bud, bloom and fade in their natural seasons. To furnish such gardens there are little trees of various shapes, from the slender spire to the dense and spreading and also conical, spherical, windswept and weeping. The colours range from palest green to gold and bronze, from darkest blue-green to silver. There are also flowering shrubs, rhododendrons, jasmine and berberis, whilst the roses are the most attractive of all the miniatures.

VIOLETS, Dianthus Forget-me-nots, iris and daffodils and many other enchanting little plants only 1 to 3 ins. high, are so exquisitely proportioned that they look like some of the best-known garden plants seen through the wrong end of a telescope. To most people who see these plants for the first time they seem quite unreal, and it is a source of wonder that any plants so minute are natural and not artificially stunted.

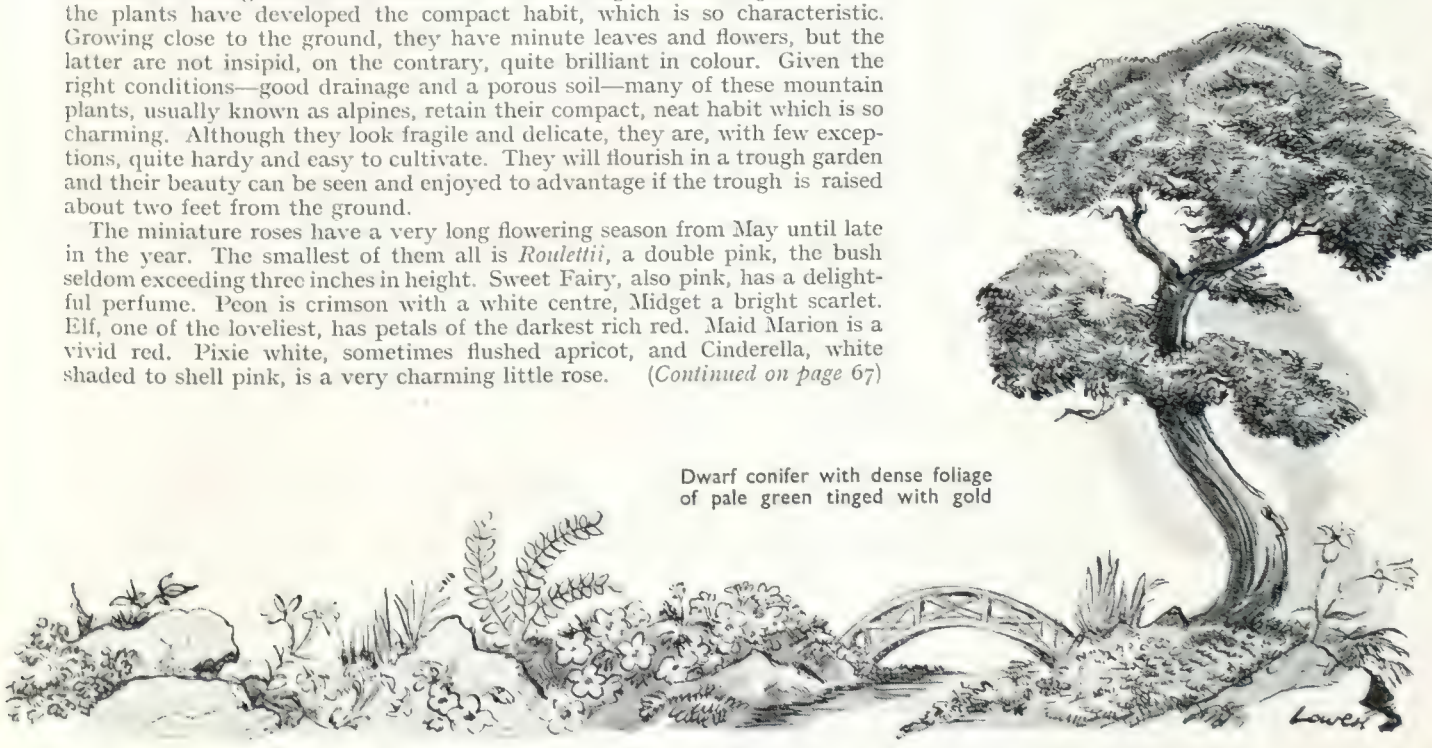
Design for a terrace or balcony.

Suitable for a window-ledge —a garden 15 ins. long.

A pool with aquatic plants, an enchanting formal garden in miniature grows in a trough measuring thirty-six by eighteen inches

Many of them are natives of mountain ranges in different parts of the world. Because of the rigorous conditions and the intense light at such high altitudes, the plants have developed the compact habit, which is so characteristic. Growing close to the ground, they have minute leaves and flowers, but the latter are not insipid, on the contrary, quite brilliant in colour. Given the right conditions—good drainage and a porous soil—many of these mountain plants, usually known as alpines, retain their compact, neat habit which is so charming. Although they look fragile and delicate, they are, with few exceptions, quite hardy and easy to cultivate. They will flourish in a trough garden and their beauty can be seen and enjoyed to advantage if the trough is raised about two feet from the ground.

The miniature roses have a very long flowering season from May until late in the year. The smallest of them all is *Roulettii*, a double pink, the bush seldom exceeding three inches in height. Sweet Fairy, also pink, has a delightful perfume. Peon is crimson with a white centre, Midget a bright scarlet. Elf, one of the loveliest, has petals of the darkest rich red. Maid Marion is a vivid red. Pixie white, sometimes flushed apricot, and Cinderella, white shaded to shell pink, is a very charming little rose. (*Continued on page 67*)



Dwarf conifer with dense foliage of pale green tinged with gold

Half close your eyes and it could be a batner from 1853, wool clad to the elbows and knees in black. It is, of course, the latest of 1953 from the collection of the London designer, Rima

Beachwear Back

The bloomer girl is back on the beach from whence she departed with the 1880s and the current cover-up leaves the Bikini cold in every sense

Top left: Elegantly evocative of the bathing machine era. Knickerbockers in a flower coloured print by Rima. **Top right:** A Paisley print—and in wool at that—our old friend having proved itself to be the coolest sunshine wear. The design from Italy is by Bounous. **Right:** Blue and white striped jacket frilled at neck and cuffs with anglaise. Candy pink pantaloons. Janet West of Brook Street. The hat from Dickins and Jones, London. Gilded bracelets from Jays

To Victoria

Personal and Appealing

SEPARATES have invaded the lingerie department. A compromise with past and present fashion has produced the camisole and petticoat, crisp, sheer-white and beguiling in white cotton. The petticoat is flounced with broderie anglaise at the waist; the camisole of matching anglaise is lace-edged. Petticoat £1 9s. 6d., camisole £1 1s. at Fenwicks of Bond Street

Left: Pyjamas and wrapper to match in blue and white check nylon sheer. Dressing gown, £4 14s. 6d.; pyjamas, £4 18s. 6d.; at Dickins and Jones, London. **Above:** Kayser Bondor's puff-sleeved nightdress has tucks on the bodice and frilled collar. Harvey Nichols, London. Approximately £3 3s.

Shortie pyjamas, cool for summer. In pastel green rayon, £4 0s. 6d.; Dickins and Jones. **Left:** Horrockses lightweight wool housecoat in candy stripes has an enormous wrap-over skirt. Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge. 11½ gns. *Pictures by Michael Williams*

During two hundred years of sporting history, the story of Tattersalls is combined with a sketch of the Turf in its many phases

Book Reviews

By

Trevor Allen

Phyllis Bentley chooses her favourite background of a Yorkshire mill for the setting of her latest novel, "The House Of Moreys"

Each of us has a personal conception of London, and Izis Bidermanas has an original approach with his photographs which illustrate so well "Gala Day London"

FLORENCE DESMOND was Florrie Dawson, daughter of an Islington bootmaker. As a panto-kid on tour she was such an "old-fashioned little thing" that they nicknamed her "Granny." When the boy playing Dame left she took over the part, and gave so good an imitation of him, with so serious a face, plus lisp, that everyone was convulsed. Thus was the famous mimic born. She toured cheap "digs" in provincial variety, became one of Mr. Cochran's Young Ladies, went to America in *This Year Of Grace*, and duly emerged as the talented Dessie of the "Hollywood Party." The humanity of it all is in **"Florence Desmond, by Herself"** (Harrap, 16s.), in which I like the story of husband Charles Hughesden bending over their newly adopted babe and saying, "that baby hasn't got a chin." "What sort of a chin do you expect a baby to have?" she retorted. "Do you want him to look like Jack Hulbert?" No literary masterpiece, but a frank trouper's travelogue, amusing, touching, brightly illustrated.

RICHARD TATTERSALL, eighteenth-century Lancashire lad of yeoman stock, was crazy about horses. Scolded out of the kitchens, he'd go to the stable yards, and at fourteen bought a horse for himself—a nag pulling a besom cart—hid him in a disused byre, groomed him secretly by day, fed and watered him by night. Soon he was in Town, starting his own stables at Hyde Park Corner in 1766, and how that venture prospered and developed through nearly two hundred years of sporting history is told in Vincent Orchard's **"Tattersalls"** (Hutchinson, 30s.), a handsome volume packed with Turf lore and personalities and fine old prints.

ROALD AMUNDSEN, intended for medicine, pored over books of polar exploration, went to sea at fifteen, was the first to navigate the North West Passage, reach the South Pole, fly over the north polar sea, and died flying into the Arctic to rescue the lost Nobile expedition. He was shy, ruthlessly ambitious, no ready maker of friends, but skilful, resourceful at his job. In **"Amundsen"** (Hale, 16s.), Bellamy Partridge shows sympathy, admiration, for him; affection is more difficult. He seems more human in his early encounters with Eskimo than in his later achievements.

I FORGET, from my reading of *Spy-catcher*, what first drew Lt.-Col. Oreste Pinto into counter-espionage, but he has spent over thirty years at it, and in **"Friend Or Foe?"** (Laurie, 12s. 6d.) tells some remarkable stories of the last war. One is of a beautiful, cultured Dutch Resistance girl, Louise, who was betrayed, sentenced to death, reprieved, undertook to work for the Nazis in Rome, and when the Allies marched in, at once went over to them. Mystery: was she genuinely pro-Nazi or just pretending? Fiction could not excel some of his fact, if fact it be—and it reads authoritatively.

A CONCISE, lively retrospect, graced by Sir Max Beerbohm's inimitable cartoon of Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, sulking in a corner from Queen Victoria: Anthony Weymouth's **"This Century Of Change, 1853-1952"** (Harrap, 12s. 6d.).

THE nine Regency years of a perplexing Prince, vividly amplified from contemporary letters, newspapers, magazines, sermons, lampoons: Dorothy Margaret Stuart's **"Portrait Of The Prince Regent"** (Methuen, 18s.).

BIOLOGICAL — and moral — facts and diagrams on sex and reproduction for girls, parents wishing to give advice: Dr. George W. Corner's **"Attaining Womanhood"** (Allen & Unwin, 6s.).

(*Continued on page 62*)

A POET'S PROSE

Mr. Walter de la Mare

EDWARD FITZGERALD said of the poet Tennyson: "He uttered by far the finest prose sayings of any man I have ever met." And it might be said of poet Walter de la Mare that he has written some of our finest critical essays and biographical reviews. Forty are collected in **"Private View"** (Faber, 18s.), mostly from the *Times Literary Supplement* of the century's second decade. They are models for all who cherish exemplary writing; there is profound thought and analysis in his literary judgments, never envy or malice, even when, in reviewing John D's *Reminiscences*, he must write: "What Imp of the Perverse, the reader asks in vain, could have enticed Mr. Rockefeller to don this sackcloth and to chatter amid these ashes?" Generously produced, by Lord David Cecil aptly introduced, it is a book any reader of taste should be proud to possess.

The ways of the country, set in a pattern of age-long tradition, are not easy for the newcomer to follow

Banksia Rose

By

VERA WYNN GRIFFITHS

MY brother Tim and I had always lived at Verney Manor, though for a long time we had been camping out in a very small corner of it; the remainder was let to some rather unpleasant people who were very superior towards us because we were poor, but we had to put up with them; we could no longer be proud, for our palmy days ended when Father died leaving nothing but the memory of former glories. We had to do what we could to earn an honest penny so Tim trained horses for those who were still sufficiently well-off to own horses—our tenants, for a start—and I ran a small riding school with which I had really been rather lucky, for the children from St. Barbara's, which was quite near, came to me for lessons. One way and another we managed. It grieved me sometimes to see the lawns which had been Father's pride now rank and rough and thickly daisied and the shrubberies rapidly becoming an impenetrable jungle. But there it was, no use grieving; we did what we could and even if we could have got help we hadn't the money to pay for it. Perhaps it was the fact that we ourselves were always so chronically short of money that made Tim and myself take such a jaundiced view of George Crosbie when he came to Beech Trees. Yet that was only a part of it, for nobody surely ever made such crude mistakes.

The whole village was agog when we heard that Beech Trees Farm had been bought. Mrs. Triggol the postmistress who always knew everything before anybody else did told me his name—George Crosbie, quite young, she said—and from the North—this with a shrug which implied that no good could come from the North. At that time she hadn't seen him, or she would have told me how good-looking he was—fair, with wheat blond hair and very clear blue eyes in a deeply tanned face. The nicest type of good looks, yet in my opinion completely spoilt by his air of self-confidence.

"Too cocky, I'd love to take him down a peg," murmured Nancy Quayle

"MERCENARY?" cried Tom, almost screaming, for he prided himself on his ideals. "Mercenary—me?"

on the occasion when we first met him.

We learned, as in a village one always does learn these things, that he was openly scornful of our slow-moving southern ways, and every time I met him, or so it seemed to me, he made a remark which began, "Now up in the North. . . ."

Nancy was often at the Manor. She was my dearest friend and she would have liked to be my sister-in-law for she was madly in love with Tim; he, too, was in love with her, but he was troubled by those honourable scruples which can be so hampering; the thing being that Nancy was the only and adored daughter of an extremely wealthy father, and if I so much as hinted at the possibility of his marrying Nancy, Tim retreated into a haughty and affronted silence.

"I'm quite determined to marry him," Nancy informed me. "But just how do you suggest that I'm going to manage it?"

I shook my head gloomily. "I don't know at all. He's never going to ask you —pride and all that you know, the pride of the Verneys."

"Then I shall have to do the asking," said Nancy, who was as pretty as a picture with sweet round cheeks of wild-rose pink and straight black hair brushed up from her face into a great bun on the top of her head. I looked at her cute little face and I wondered how Tim could resist her.

"That's the only way," she said, "I shall have to do the asking."

"And with the most remote and exquisite politeness he'll refuse you, and where will you be then?" I said. "Finished, my girl. You'll never be able to bring it up agan."

"Don't you believe it," said Nancy. "Try, try, try again—that's the Quayle motto. I shall marry Tim even if I have to wait until I'm an old woman before I manage to persuade him."

ILLUSTRATIONS BY S. TRESILIAN

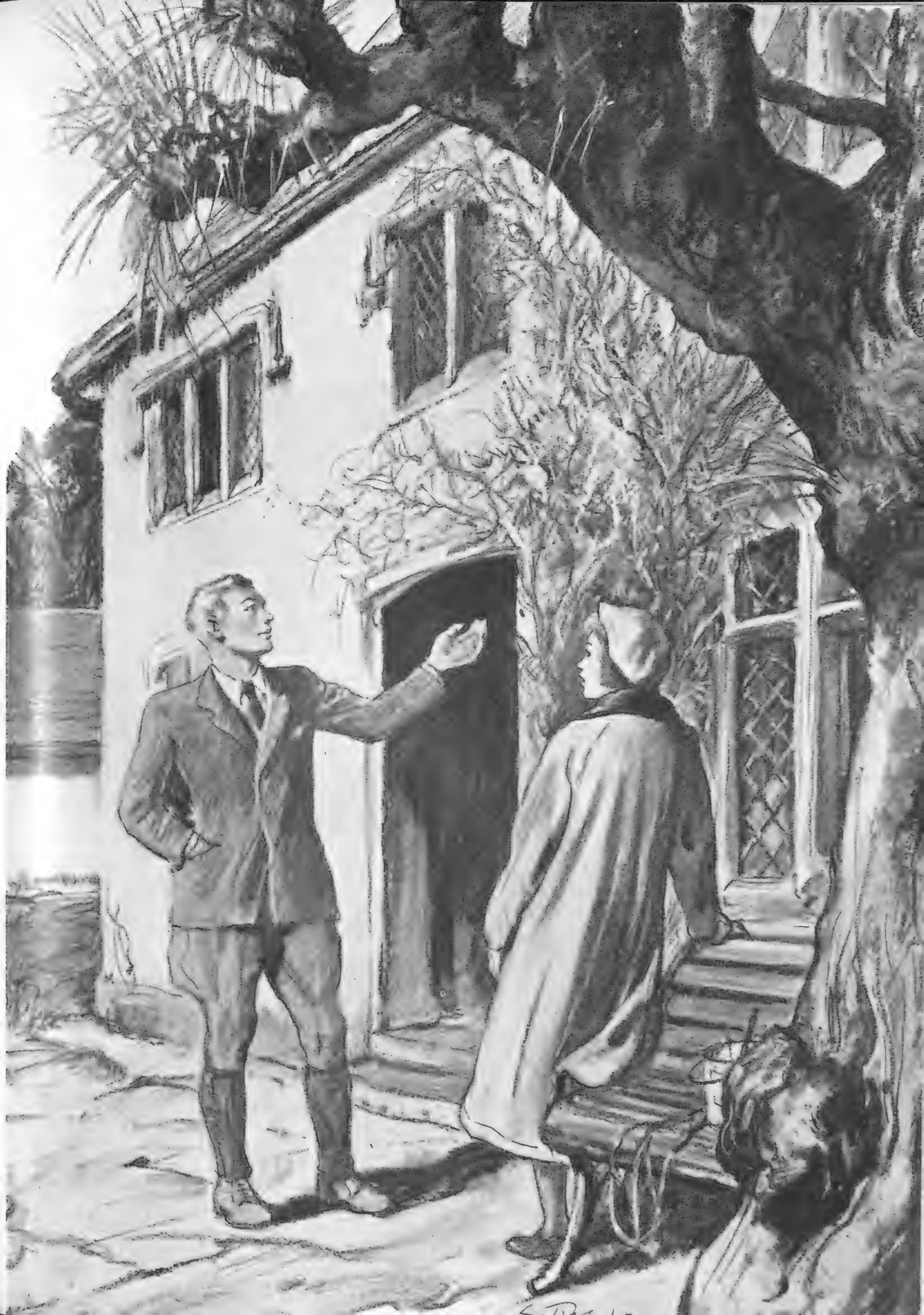
SOMETIMES when I was feeling rather low I'd indulge in a foolish dream about how wonderful it would be if Tim married Nancy. She loved the Manor and with her money we should be able to restore it to something of its ancient grace; get rid of our ghastly tenants, for a start; geraniums spilling from the stone urns on the terrace, the lawns smoothly shaven, swans floating like great white blossoms on the lake. But I knew that it was a pretty hopeless dream, for though Nancy was stubborn and determined and accustomed to having her own way, so was Tim, stubborn and determined, anyway. I supposed that he and I would go on living together, everything getting more and more seedy as we became grey and old, and when we were too old to work with the horses, I simply couldn't imagine what would happen to us. In the meantime, there was George Crosbie, to give us sardonic amusement and to irritate us. George was eager to take part in the life of the village—only too eager, that was the trouble. I believed that he'd seen himself running the parish, the modern young squire. But he didn't know what he was up against, he'd reckoned without the sagacity, the ironic clearness of perception which lay behind our apparent dullness—and without the feudal loyalty which, in spite of his poverty, still acknowledged Tim as the squire. From the very beginning George went wrong, partly through his own fault, partly through a combination of small malicious causes over which he had no control. And right at the start he made the frightful mistake of engaging Mrs. Lee to be his housekeeper.

There was nothing wrong with Mrs. Lee, she was energetic and capable and an inspired cook, but what George didn't understand was that though she was willing enough to work for him and take his money, she was nevertheless on our side, that is, the village side—she was our spy in his camp and through her we got all the news of what was going on at Beech Trees. More deadly than that, she had been housekeeper to Mrs. Lane, the farm's former owner, and I used to wonder how George could endure the constant comments beginning, "Now in Mrs. Lane's time. . . ."

There had been Lanes at Beech Trees as far back as anybody could remember. Now the last of the Lane men was dead and poor old Mrs. Lane was going into sad exile with a sister in London; that was the slant we gave to the situation though we knew to a penny how much George had given for the farm and knew therefore that Mrs. Lane had made a thumping profit and that the remainder of her life would be easier than anything she had known before.

"Well, well, after living there all these years," we (*Continued on page* 59)

"I'M going to have that down," said George. "Messy, earwiggy thing." I stared at him, horrified



The Genius Of Ivy House

Examples of current production at the Wedgwood factory are the dinner service (below) called "greenleaf," the teapot (above) from a four-piece set in Jasper and the cigarette jar in embossed Queensware

YOU see white classical reliefs on an azure ground, it is a vase, a cameo or any piece of domestic pottery, and what do you say? "Wedgwood . . ." One need not be a connoisseur of pottery for this association to be assured.

This contemporary familiarity with the famous Jasper ware (which first saw the light of day in 1774) is one of the many remarkable things in the history of the English potter whose assessment of public taste was equally sound in his own generation and in our own.

Josiah Wedgwood was born at Burslem, in Staffordshire, the youngest and thirteenth child of Thomas and Mary Wedgwood of the Churchyard House. Josiah was the great-great-grandson of a potter, Gilbert Wedgwood, who, in about 1612, had married the heiress of the Squire of Burslem, from whom Gilbert and his sons inherited a pot-bank and an estate of some consequence.

Wedgwoods had been potting long before Josiah, but the name had no particular significance until he, the man of genius, inscribed it upon the tablets of fame.

Josiah was only nine when, at his father's death in 1739, he was taken from school to start work under his elder brother, now "master," at the Churchyard Works.

Thus Josiah started his working life with little education, but a long illness—thought to have been smallpox—which left him with a permanently crippled knee brought inactivity and the opportunity for reading and study which he exploited with characteristic force, for in later writings he shows himself as a man of education with a considerable gift of expression.

AT the close of his apprenticeship Josiah parted company with his brother and, after a false start in business with a certain John Harrison, began a new and very important partnership with Thomas Whieldon, of Fenton Low, a potter of considerable taste.

Wedgwood and Whieldon were men of similar temperament and of a like integrity. It was agreed between them that Wedgwood was to continue his own experiments without obligation to reveal the results of them. It was during this phase that Josiah started his "experiment book" in which he recorded the many trials made in his efforts to improve the glazes and bodies in current use and his experiments in green glaze which resulted in the famous pineapple and cauliflower wares which were his first successes.

In 1759 he opened a small factory at the Ivy House Works, and there, while he continued to make his cauliflower ware, he began experiments in 1760 in the perfection of cream colour ware, which was ultimately to make his name famous. This earthenware was superior from every point of view to the earlier salt glaze made by other potters. Josiah (*Continued on page* 59)

Pieces from the collection of Sir Ralph Wedgwood. The portrait of the first Josiah, on pottery, is by Stubbs, and the cameos are of George III and Queen Charlotte. The jelly mould decorated at Chelsea, and the urn in Jasper, are dominated by one of the celebrated copies of the Portland Vase. Colour photograph by Deighton Wilkes

Chaloner Woods

Your own perfume is part of you and apart. It hovers like an echo, not quite there . . . not quite gone, the very distillation of femininity, sparkling, persuasive or flower fragrant, whichever is You. Schiaparelli, Guerlain and Marcel Rochas perfumes from Marshall and Snelgrove, London

Finesse and Fragrance

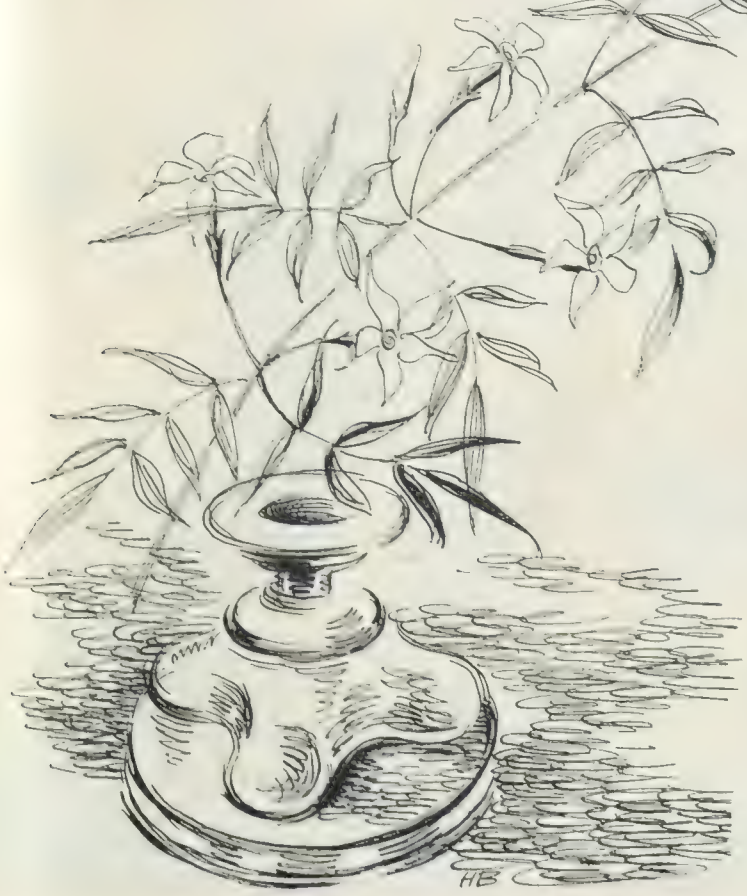
WHEN the Tahitian maiden puts on her best anklets and bracelets, adjusts the hang of her grass skirt, puts a flower behind her ear, and hangs a lei of frangipane round her neck, she has not merely adorned herself, but surrounded herself with fragrance. It's an unsophisticated approach, of course, but discretion comes with civilization, and there can have been no civilization in which perfume did not play its part.

Sometimes, alas! that part was overplayed; when the eighteenth-century fop shook out his lace-edged handkerchief the air was filled with fragrance. We have advanced since then.

PROPERLY used—exquisitely used, as so exquisite a product should be, scent is a magical enhancement, for nothing else can adapt itself so completely to the wearer, if it is used and chosen with discretion. Discretion, I repeat, for this is the operative word. Your mood, your dress and your personality all have to be taken into consideration. It means, of course, that you cannot choose one perfume and decide that you will wear that and no other, come what may. This demolishes another theory, but I am remorseless. Start off by using a soap, face-powder, and complexion cream of a like fragrance, so that they cannot argue with your perfume. Then proceed with your choice.

Wearing that simple cotton dress, for example—and

By Joanna Lacey Drew



the make-up and mood to match, wants a floral perfume. Yardley's "Lavender," Caron's "Violette." Lightness and gaiety is the aim. If your innate sophistication *will* break through, Helena Rubinstein's "Green Velvet" may be a match for it, while if you really can achieve elegance you will probably find that "Flair" by Yardley will suit you better. Furs, model gowns and pearls can be fittingly tuned in to the wavelength of a sumptuous perfume like Chanel's masterpiece, No. 5; or the younger, lighter No. 22. The *tailleur* with the sables has a choice of Lancome's "Magi" or "Tresor." While you, my smooth-haired, slinky beauty, may find that Arden's "My Love" is yours—but definitely *yours!* Whatever you choose, however, don't take a chance: try before you buy is a golden rule, and take other people's advice about it. Just as you cannot hear your own voice, you can't tell what perfume is doing to you. This is something your best friend—or the shop assistant—*will* tell you!

How to use it? More don'ts. Don't put perfume on clothes at all; it will only go stale, which is a wicked waste. The lightest *nuance* on your handkerchief is permissible; a faint touch under the chin, so that your body warmth blends with the perfume; your aim is to leave your audience wondering. . . .

Properly chosen, perfume can be an inspiration and a release. It's not cheap, of course, but, to paraphrase Omar: I often wonder what the *parfumeur* buys one half so precious as the goods he sells!

The Wings of

IT was like a fire—the fire that was a part but not the whole of the horror. Anything could start it—a small thing, negligible of itself and of no significance to anyone but me. Like looking from a high window into the street below. Like riding on the top of a bus even, when there was no room inside. Like passing over a bridge. Not always, not invariably—or I should probably have gone mad. For days, sometimes for weeks at a stretch, I would not have an attack. I would go about my business as peaceably and cheerfully as anyone else, doing the normal humdrum things. And then suddenly, on a downward glance from a precipitous angle, the symptoms would start, as a gunshot follows the pulled trigger. I would feel the blood drain out of my face. My heart would pound, buildings leaned towards me in a claustrophobic haze and I would be back in the burning bucketing plane, watching the port wing dip and rise as she rolled in her death throes like a shot bird. The bird-image was uppermost, so that I saw the wings not as rigid elements of a metal structure but live, mobile and sentient, thrashing the air in agony and protest. I heard the throb of the bursting heart, the despairing shriek. The wings were mine and they were failing me, failing and falling, twisting and flailing and falling, while the green jungle ten thousand feet below clawed me down to it. Down and down in a stink of burning glycol, the earth weaving and disintegrating as it reached for me, hurtling, screaming down with a frantic tugging at the stick that didn't respond, down into black oblivion.

When an attack overtook me the only hope I had of mastering it before I blacked out was to dive into the nearest open doorway or recess like a coursed hare bolting for sanctuary. If it happened in a moving vehicle I would huddle in my seat with my eyes shut until slowly the terror passed. But the effort would tear great gaps in the defences which had been carefully and painfully built up since my return from a Jap p.o.w. camp in 1946.

At the end of my last spell in hospital the senior physician had called me in for a chat.

"Well, Conway," he said, "we've done about all we can for you. Physically, you're fit. Make no mistake about that. Not even three years on the Burma Railway could damage a constitution like yours beyond repair."

"That's all right," I said, "as far as it goes. Don't think I'm not grateful for it. And to you, of course. But what about these awful panics, this fear of heights? Shall I ever be free of them?"

He fiddled with his pen.

"HONESTLY I don't know. As I've already told you, you're bodily fit. But your mental condition is another matter. You're not an isolated case, you know. There are thousands of them. Call it war neurosis or what you like. Frankly, we know very little about the psychology of fear. Most people have a phobia of some kind, even in normal life. Usually it doesn't amount to very much. But many of you chaps lived too long at breaking point and you've no spiritual reserves left. You've got to build up the forces that have been expended in simply staying alive. The spirit is like a yard of elastic, amazingly resilient. But it can stand only a certain amount of stretching without weakening the fibres. The probability is that these attacks of yours will tend to grow less severe as time goes on until ultimately they become a thing of the past. Or alternatively, until you can outpace and master your fears. From now on you will have to be your own doctor because there is no one else who can help you. Even the psychiatrist is not a miracle man. He can dig out the trouble and hold it up for you to inspect,

Fear

By

Gil Thomas

IT was the worst moment since my crash. Everything went blurred like a painting in which the colours have run together

Illustrations by EDWARD OSMOND

like a wriggling worm; but he can't guarantee to exterminate it. That's up to you. In your case we know, and you know, the cause of the trouble, so there's no need for probing. You've got one more battle in front of you and it may well be a grim one. But I believe you'll win it. It will help you if you bear in mind what Churchill said: 'The only thing we have to fear is fear itself.' Well, goodbye—and good luck."

THAT was five years ago. After leaving the hospital I had gone back to my father's office. We were an old-established firm of family lawyers, with quarters in Lincoln's Inn. The peace of the centuries-old grey buildings, war-scarred though they were, did much to restore me. The small flat over the offices, in which I lived a solitary life of my own, was as quiet as the grave. I had no financial worries, nobody bothered me. My work was pleasant and superficially I was at peace.

I had come to know my enemy and to live with him, accepting him as the price that had to be paid for being alive. I led a smooth humdrum existence with books and music for entertainment and an occasional round of golf or a walk in the country for exercise. Dull and unexciting it may have been. But even at that, I was better off than thousands of others whose lives were shattered beyond redemption. I repeatedly told myself this.

And then I met Val.

Strange, how deceptively trivial are the events which shape our destinies. My clerk brought in a letter one morning with a Devonshire address. It bore the signature *Valerie Grayson*, in a bold feminine hand. I recalled that she was the daughter of an old client who had recently died. The letter asked if it would be possible for a member of the firm to visit her in order to discuss certain matters connected with her father's estate. If someone could come she would arrange for him to be met at the station and to stay overnight at the house, Hartland Court.

As this fell within my province I told the clerk to wire that I would travel down to Devonshire myself on the following Thursday. On the appointed day I caught a train to Bideford, arriving in the early evening. Waiting outside the little station was a shooting brake, and leaning against it was a woman in corduroy slacks and a scarlet windcheater. A young woman, and tall—almost my own height. Very slim. For me she had beauty that made a sharp overwhelming impact. It was as much in the calm, in the frank and compassionate strength that (*Continued on page* 54)

I GOT him back on the ledge and lifted him until his shoulders were level with the window. Val's arms came out and snatched him and hauled him in

Gourmet's Holiday

By P. M. Dixon

IF you contemplate a Continental holiday—and, in particular, if you aim to motor through France—you can turn the vacation into a gastronomic pilgrimage that will make you smack your lips in retrospect for many a long year.

With the exception of Belgium, the French cuisine is still the world's greatest. But there is no denying the fact that eating out in France is expensive. It is not, contrary to general opinion, more costly than it is to eat out in Great Britain, and it is a great deal better; in fact, value for value, eating in French restaurants is cheaper than eating in British restaurants. But those of us to whom eating out is the exception rather than the rule during the working year tend to forget how much it costs.

Of course, in France, as elsewhere, you can eat inexpensively in many little places, and it is much easier to assess what a French meal is going to cost you than an English one, for every French restaurant displays its menu and prices outside. Always study this menu before you go in. If it looks too dear for your pocket or there is no dish that especially appeals, move on to the next one.

A Frenchman wouldn't dream of going into a strange restaurant without examining the menu and prices. Don't you, either.

A GOOD tip is to look down the list of main dishes. The price of these is the key to the total of the bill you are likely to get. If the main dish is in the region of 275 (5s. 6d.) to 350 (7s.) francs, it is a medium-priced place where you should be able to enjoy a good meal with wine for about 14s. A good rough guide is to calculate that your bill will be a little more than twice the amount of an average main dish.

If the main dishes are priced from 175 (3s. 6d.) to 275 (5s. 6d.) francs it is an inexpensive place where you should be able to eat for under 10s. If the main dishes are at 400 francs (8s.) and over it is an expensive place where you can count on a bill of from £1 to £2 per person. It is worth while saving enough money to have at least one or two real gastronomic blow-outs in the course of your holiday, because you won't get anything like it here. But choose your restaurant for such an occasion with care.

In France they do not usually serve *hors d'œuvre* as we do here. Each item is separately priced—sardines, egg mayonnaise, tomato and potato salad, and so on—so that to make up a mixed *hors d'œuvre* for yourself is a costly business. My advice to you, therefore, is to start your meal either with something like a hard-boiled egg with fresh mayonnaise (*œuf d'un mayonnaise*), chopped celeriac in a mustard sauce (*celeri remoulade*), a globe artichoke with French dressing (*artichaut vinaigrette*), or, if you are hungry, some *pate maison*—which is usually rich and filling. Also good are *rillettes*, a paste made of chopped pork.

Again, the French normally do not eat vegetables with their main dish, except occasionally such things as fried potatoes with steak. They usually have peas, beans or such served separately *afterwards*. If you want your vegetables *with* the meat, ask specifically for this. For various reasons, however, I suggest you follow the French custom. Salad in France usually consists solely of lettuce, chicory or endive with a French dressing. The average Frenchman eats his cheese before his sweet and without bread, butter or biscuit. You are served generous portions of cheese and eat it with a knife and fork.

Fresh fruit generally takes the place of sweets and most of the smaller restaurants do not offer a great choice of sweets. But you will probably be able to get fresh pineapple and cream, wood strawberries and cream (delicious), cream by itself—you sugar it and eat it with a spoon—and generally some rather nondescript fruit tart. What the French call "fresh cream" is thick and always slightly sour. It is sold as a separate item.

Count on 12 to 15 per cent. on all bills for service, and you are expected to tip slightly over and above this. Thus, if your bill (including service charge) is, say, 1415 francs, you would not pick up the change from 1500 francs.

WINE is cheap in France. It is drunk there as we drink water. But vintage wines are expensive. Unless you have a special desire to taste class wine, stick to the local wine in carafe or bottle. All restaurants will have a red and a white "*ordinaire*" and several other cheap wines like Muscadet, a dry, white wine; *vin rose*; and "*pelure d'oignon*" (onion skin), a wine of a brickish red colour, rather dry, with a flavour many like very much.

Aperitifs are popular in France, but "liverish." One of the most popular is a (*Continued on page* 66)

By Elizabeth Galt

Top : A hearth-rug pegged in the American tradition. **Right :** A braided circular mat.

Rugs From Rags

I FIRST began rag rug making during the war. Blackout limited evening activities and I wanted a long task that would take my mind off the bombs and produce fruitful results. In addition, my rag-bag was bursting and was tired of only supplying needs for darning, mending and remaking. Rag rugs was the answer.

In the back of my mind was the memory of two pioneer aunts, years ago in the Middle West of the States. Aunt Bess pegged old woollen underwear and winter dresses into hearth-rugs. Aunt Mimmie crocheted or braided summer dresses and cotton curtains into bedroom rugs. There was a lively difference of opinion between the two ladies over the virtues of pegging, braiding and crocheting.

I decided to try all three methods, not knowing anything about any one of them. Through trial and error I learned, armed only with patience, a creative urge and a desire to make something out of nothing. Out of my rags have come rugs that, in their beauty, decry their origin.

The first method, pegging, is used in this country by miners' and farmers' wives, but their rugs are heavy dust traps, often more practical than beautiful. Their strips of material are cut into

(Continued on page 56)

Below left : Another rag rug, this time crocheted. Next to it a pegged design.

First Juliet met Romeo, an uninvited guest, at a ball given by her father, and they had fallen in love.

HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

The Tragic Love Of Juliet

by

JOHN HERBERT

Illustrations by

ROBERT HODGSON

OF all the romantic heroines of literature, the fair and seductive ladies imagined and portrayed by great writers, none is more tenderly appealing, more alive with youthful passion than Juliet, whose ill-starred love-affair with Romeo was immortalised by William Shakespeare.

Not that this tragic young Italian sweetheart was Shakespeare's own creation. The main theme of Juliet's story has even been traced back to ancient legends like *Hero and Leander, Pyramus and Thisbe* and *Tristan and Isolde*. But such vague and misty kinships apart, the tale of Romeo and Juliet had been told and re-told by five authors before the maid of Verona first walked the stage in Shakespeare's play in the 1590's.

Juliet made her debut in the romance written by Luigi da Porto of Vicenza in 1535, and this tale was repeated soon afterwards by Matteo Bandello and the Frenchman Francois de Belleforest, who both put it into collections which they were editing. Then it came to England, appearing in 1562 as a 3,000-line poem by Arthur Brooke, and in 1567 as one of a number of stories in Painter's *Palace of Pleasure*.

But it was left to Shakespeare (using Brooke's version) to transmute the familiar tale into the magic poetry of *Romeo and Juliet*, and it was his genius that fashioned Juliet into perhaps the best-known and best-loved lover in literature or drama. He also made her one of the youngest; for as if to emphasise that romance flowers early in southern lands (or possibly to suit her part to a very young boy-player), he took two years off the age of Brooke's heroine and four years off Bandello's, portraying his own Juliet as a mere fourteen-year-old.

BUT fourteen or eighteen, what does Juliet's age matter? To posterity she has personified, above all other heroines, the young girl in love, the passionate and tragic bride. And her name is inseparably linked, as she pours out her heart on a moonlit balcony in Verona, with one of the most memorable love-scenes ever written.

Juliet first met Romeo, an uninvited guest, at a ball given by her father, Lord Capulet; and they had both fallen deeply in love. But as Romeo was a Montague

and the Capulets and Montagues were bitter enemies, she realised her cruel and impossible dilemma.

That same night, sleepless with mixed emotions, she stood at her balcony reflecting on the unhappy paradox of loving a hated Montague. She sighed, she soliloquised; and in her distress cried: "O Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo? Deny thy father and refuse thy name, for my sake; or if thou wilt not, be but my sworn love and I will no longer be a Capulet."

SHE could not know that below her in the garden was Romeo himself, gazing up at her face softly outlined in the moonlight, and thrilling to hear her avow her love for him. He let her speak on awhile and then, to her confusion, declared himself and expressed his love for her. So they talked on until almost daybreak, exchanging mutual pledges of affection—and before they parted they swore to marry very soon.

Romeo hastened to his trusted friend Friar Lawrence to tell him of his love for Juliet and ask him to marry them. Concerned at first at the idea of such an ill-fated union the good priest finally agreed, for he thought that a Montague-Capulet marriage might heal the ancient family feud.

And so, in the friar's cell not long afterwards, Juliet and Romeo were secretly married. And Juliet returned home to await a clandestine visit from her spouse that night.

But when Romeo crept silently through the garden of the Capulet mansion and mounted to Juliet's chamber at the appointed time, it was not as a happy husband coming to his newly-wed (though secret) bride, but as a man in great trouble. For that morning, after leaving Juliet, he had been embroiled in a bloody fight with his old enemy Tybalt (a Capulet) and killed him. For this he had been banished from Verona.

For Romeo this was a cruel blow indeed, for it meant separation from his beloved Juliet. But Friar Lawrence, to whom he had gone in his distress, comforted him by saying that he himself would choose a suitable moment to announce the marriage and so try to reconcile the warring families; and urging that meanwhile Romeo should say goodbye to Juliet and then go to Mantua and await a message from him. So with a heavy heart Romeo kept his tryst with Juliet.

At first Juliet reproached him bitterly for killing her kinsman; but soon her love for the unhappy Romeo prevailed and they were reconciled. And at dawn Romeo took his leave after a wedding-night blissful but all too short, and sped through the quiet streets of Verona on his way to banishment at Mantua.

On the lonely Juliet, nursing her secret love and sorrow, now fell fresh unhappiness. Her father, thinking it high time she was married, proposed that she should wed young Count Paris, gallant, handsome and wealthy, and in his view the most eligible of suitors.

What was the poor girl to say? To tell the truth was impossible; and all that she could do was to plead her youth, point to the unseemliness of a Capulet marriage so soon after Tybalt's death, stammer out any excuse that came into her head. But the old man was adamant, and insisted that the marriage take place without delay.

Distracted, Juliet hurried to Friar Lawrence and asked him what she should do in this fearful dilemma. And the wise old cleric suggested a desperate plan. She was to return home and cheerfully consent to marry the Count and then, on her wedding-eve, drink a potion (to be provided by him) that would put her for two days into a deathlike trance.

THEN on her wedding morning, when her bridegroom came to fetch her, he would find her apparently dead, and she would be buried alive in the Capulet family vault—to be rescued on her awakening by Romeo, whom the friar would meanwhile have called from Mantua.

It was a horrible course for Juliet to have to take, but for the sake of her love for Romeo she agreed. The friar gave her the phial containing the draught

He expressed his love for her ; they talked on until daybreak, exchanging mutual pledges of affection, and before they parted they swore to marry very soon.

The friar gave her a phial containing the draught and she returned with the glad news.

and she returned home to spread the glad news that she was to marry the Count.

Next night, amid the joyful and lavish preparations for the wedding, she set herself to drink the potion. But doubts crowded in on her. Could the friar be trusted? Was the draught lethal? If it were harmless, would she wake too soon and go mad immured among the grisly remains of the Capulets? But again love for Romeo overcame her fears: she swallowed the drink and soon fell into a deep trance.

So, seemingly dead, Count Paris found Juliet in the morning when he went to waken her with gay music. His happiness turned to bitter grief, and grief, too, overwhelmed her parents when they heard of their beloved only daughter's death. The news of her death and burial travelled fast, and by a tragic stroke of fate reached Romeo at Mantua before the friar had informed him of the plot.

Desolated, poor Romeo resolved to visit the tomb of his Juliet that night and, having looked on her corpse, take poison and die beside her; and having bought a lethal draught from a poor apothecary of Mantua, he hurried to Verona. (*Continued on page* 63)

Above : Cutting edges is the work of minutes with a mechanical Edgemaster. **Left :** Steep places inaccessible to the mower quickly surrender to the Grassmaster.

Gardener At Ease

EVERY gardening enthusiast knows how much delight in the work is marred by lack of time. Velvet lawns and trim hedges are a solace to the eyes but shaggy ones are a reproach to the spare-time gardener, as most of us are.

In a garden of any size the cost of hired labour is a considerable factor, but how can the week-end gardener keep pace without assistance ?

Mechanical devices are as yet new to the average garden-lover. In any case, one is inclined to dismiss the thought of them as being elaborate and costly contraptions. In fact, this is not so, and in a garden of any size where hired help is needed the initial cost of electrically-driven garden tools is rapidly overhauled. Cutting and trimming machines dismiss the hard labour involved in keeping edges and hedges in perfect condition and at a considerably lower expenditure in the long run, than a hired gardener.

FOR lawns there is an electrically-driven machine designed to cut coarse grass and weed-growth, inaccessible to a hand-shear, sickle or motor scythe.

It is ideal for steep, banked lawns ; around trees, against walls and rockeries and in all awkward, confined spots. Although small and light, the Grassmaster cuts with little effort even waist-high overgrowth in minutes. This machine costs £12 to £14, according to voltages.

The simplest source of driving power comes direct from the electricity supply, by plugging in to the nearest point with a sufficient length of cable. Alternatively, the tools, 12-volt models can be operated from a car battery—a standard size is admirable—for at least eight hours before recharging is necessary.

If the garden is very large there is a third means of driving power from a portable generator (also supplied by the tool-makers) which is automatically controlled and can drive two tools simultaneously if necessary.

ANOTHER development for lawn care, with time, money and labour-saving in view, is the machine which cuts edges smoothly, clean and trimly, and works as fast as you can walk backwards. The cost of this tool is £15 to £17, according to voltages.

But there is no need to have both the complete Grassmaster and the Edgemaster tools, for they are designed for simple conversion from one to the other. A set of conversion equipment from the Grassmaster to the Edgemaster costs £4 ; from the Edgemaster to the Grassmaster, the conversion unit costs £1.

The electrically-driven hedgecutter is light enough for a woman to handle with ease.

Whether edges are simple, for practical screens or sheer decoration, or trained to ambitious topiaries, they must be trim. The hand-cutting method calls for hours of tedious labour, but an electric hedge-trimmer puts an end to all this. Although it looks an engineer's tool, the whole unit weighs only 6 lb. and is comfortably balanced so that the woman gardener uses it with ease. You merely move it along the hedge, leaving an even surface behind. With a hedge-trimmer one thinks of the labour involved in terms of minutes. Its price is from £16 to £18 according to voltages.

There can be no doubt that the economics of mechanical gardening are sound : outlay, in most cases, is quickly overhauled by the saving in time and fatigue, even where some hired help is employed. In any case, where is the odd-job gardener to be found ?

Whatever the style chosen, it will be enhanced if the hair is rich in colour and high lights. This applies equally to the four styles shown here. The two neat little heads (**above**) are by Vasco and the one on the right by Elizabeth Arden. On the opposite page, Elizabeth Arden's style for the older woman (**left**) and the casual cut by French of London on the **right.**

BEAUTY BY CHRYSIS

If you would like advice about any hair or beauty problem, write, enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope, to Chrysis, "Britannia and Eve," Ingram House, 195, Strand, W.C.2.

Colour Enhancement

"TO dye or not to dye" is a question which confronts most women sooner or later. In the past, when it was not easy to get a natural effect with hair-dyes and bleaches, the question needed grave consideration. Nowadays, however, with improved methods of hair tinting, giving natural looking results, it would be foolish not to give serious thought to the advisability of "going a better colour."

It is just as well to know exactly what can and what cannot be attempted with any assurance. It *is* possible to make a radical change of colour from blonde to black, from white to auburn. But there is no need to point out all the snags—the constant retouching required with its resultant expense; the danger of adopting a new hair colour which is not complementary to the natural skin tones; the risk of impoverishment of the hair with continual retouching or bleaching. Nevertheless it can be done. But a radical change of hair colour can only be safely undertaken by a professional hairdresser who specializes in tinting. No amateur can expect to make a success with a packet of hair dye over the wash basin at home.

But *improving* the hair colour, as against changing it, is quite another matter and one which you can expect to undertake successfully at home. There are two new preparations—one of them will appear in the autumn—for use at home which will produce the colour improvement that is required in many cases. These aim, not at altering but enhancing the natural colour of the hair. A dull brunette can be made into a rich chestnut, "mousy" hair can be given golden lights or auburn tints, darkening blondes or redheads can be restored to their original lightness.

THERE are two ways of enhancing the natural colour of the hair. One is by means of added highlights, the other by means of removing the darkening pigmentation. In plain language, the former is a dye, the latter a bleach. The two new hair preparations, one a form of henna, the other a lightening agent, can, between them, produce a complete range of tints from pale gold to rich chestnut. Which one to use depends entirely on the effect desired and the existing colour of the hair.

Generally speaking, the lightener will give golden colouring, the henna preparation reddish-auburn glints. So that if a blonde wants to be a more reddish gold, she will use henna, if she wishes to be more ashen blonde, she will use the lightener. If a brunette wants to become a rich chestnut, she will use henna, if she wants to reveal more golden lights in her hair, she will use the lightener. If the "mouse" wants to turn blonde, she uses the lightener. Both preparations give complete control over the operation so that there need be no unpleasant surprises or horrifying transformations. That is why these two preparations are safe in the hands of the amateur at home.

In the past, the great disadvantage of any form of bleach was that it tended to impoverish the hair with successive applications. This difficulty has been overcome now with special conditioning ingredients.

With it no sudden, drastic change of colour is involved. It can be used where only a subtle brightening of tone is required. The effect is intensified by further applications. The first will produce a brightening and slight lightening of the hair. The second will make a more marked difference. Since it works only on the natural pigmentation of the hair, it will not lighten indefinitely to a straw blonde, as a bleach would. The hair will reach its maximum lightness with between three and six applications. Thereafter, a simple "touch up" at the roots after each shampoo will keep the whole head uniform in tone.

NEW henna preparations are in the form of cream which cuts out the messiness of applications normally associated with henna. It is as easy to apply as a hair-conditioning cream (which in fact it is). The intensity of colour depends entirely on the length of time that the cream is allowed to stay on the hair. You do not put on less cream if you want a lighter colour. That might lead to patchiness if the cream is not evenly distributed all over the hair. If you want only the lightest red-gold lights the cream is left on only for a few minutes. For a richer effect, the cream is left on for up to twenty minutes.

The success of the henna tint will depend on two factors, the length of time the cream is left on and the natural absorbency of the hair. Porous hair takes colour more intensely and more quickly than non-porous hair. It is difficult to judge whether the hair is porous or non-porous, as it is not directly related to condition. Exposure to sun, very strong shampoos and soda all increase the hair's porosity. But a good guide is that if your hair is difficult to perm, then the hair is probably (*Continued on page* 57)

Margaret Sharp

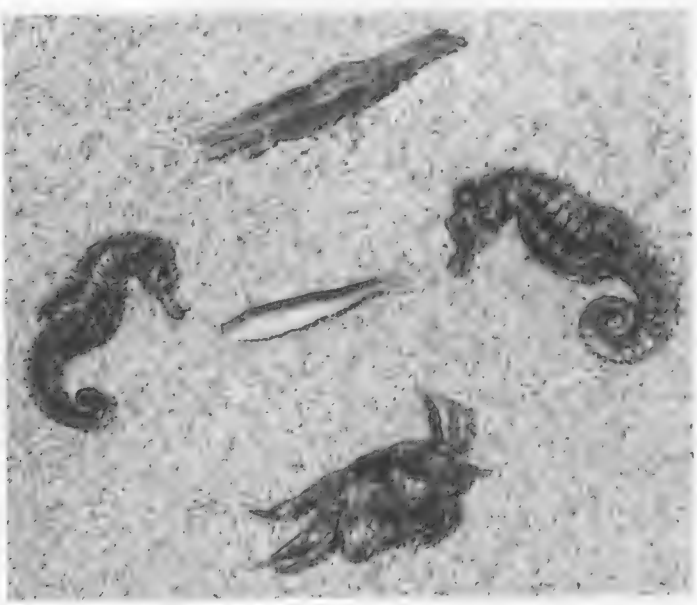
Shopping For You

If you would like further details of any items mentioned here, please write, enclosing a stamped and addressed envelope, to Margaret Sharp, "Britannia and Eve," Ingram House, 195 Strand, London, W.C.2

For those who maintain that coffee can be made only in pottery, there is the Falk porcelain electric percolator **(above)** price £6 19s. 6d.

An elegant new Thermos jug **(above)** for after-theatre coffee, etc., £4 15s. from Army and Navy Stores. The original brooches **(below)** are real sea creatures, preserved and made waterproof by a patented process. Sea horses from 6s. 3d.. others from 2s. 9d.

An automatic tea maker is the dream of the sluggard riser. This new Pye Polly is a dream come true for only £3 15s. **(Below)** Dent's new range of nylon evening gloves, all priced around 2 gns.



For Your Shopping List

A world map makes an original lampshade from Druces of Baker Street. The shades are 10s. 6d. to 67s. 6d. according to size, collapsible frame 5s. 6d.

The oak coffee table (*above*) is only 1 gn. from Druces of Baker Street. (*Below*) A child's portable wardrobe by Sidney Ross, 5 gns. complete with curtains, 59s. 6d. the wardrobe alone

A set of six beautiful colour prints of cathedrals and churches associated with the Royal Family is one of the rare examples of good reproductions at a reasonable price. They are from water-colour drawings by Noel H. Leaver, A.R.C.A. and include Henry VII's Chapel, Westminster Abbey, and Sandringham Parish Church. The reproductions themselves are 7 in. by 9½ in., mounted ready for framing on a white mount 11½ in. by 15 in. The complete set of six, in a presentation folder, is 1 gn.

★ ★ ★

The Tea Centre have over a hundred answers to the perennial question: "What's for tea?" The recipes for traditional and unusual tea-time delicacies are collected together in a booklet, "Tea Time Recipes" which can be obtained, post free, for 1s. 6d. from the Tea Bureau.

★ ★ ★

While on the subject of food, many people do not appreciate that Angostura Bitters has many more uses than the making of pink gins. Besides giving a fillip to cocktails, Angostura Bitters can be used to give piquancy to soups, savouries, cold and hot sweets. A few drops, for instance, improves a fruit salad and works wonders with the homely Brussels sprout. Recipe booklets on the use of Bitters in cooking and cocktail mixing are available.

★ ★ ★

We hope your holiday will call for sunglasses. But remember that inferior lenses can cause trouble as much as save it. The only safeguard against eyestrain **and** sunglare is to buy sunglasses with attested lenses. Thurgar Bollé glasses have them.

★ ★ ★

Something else to tuck into the holiday luggage against a rainy day is the latest game from America, "Keyword." It is a game to appeal to the crossword enthusiast and, on another level, will keep the children amused while improving their spelling. The Army and Navy Stores have it, price 1 gn.

★ ★ ★

Embroidered bed linen is back again to delight the fastidious housewife. Osman are producing sets consisting of a sheet embroidered with delicate flower motifs, a plain hemmed sheet, and two embroidered pillowcases to match from about £6 17s. 11d. the set according to size.

★ ★ ★

Banging doors inflict needless wear and tear on the house structure not to mention the occupant's nerves. A newly designed door buffer prevents doors slamming and banging, and used in conjunction with a normal door spring, forms an effective method of automatically and silently closing the door . . . parents of high-spirited adolescents please note. There are two sizes, the larger for heavy, front doors, price 12s. 6d., the smaller for light, interior doors, price 10s. Fixing is a simple matter.

Something for the handyman—or handywoman. A fixative which will stick or seal almost anything around the house, from loose tiles to cracks in plaster or woodwork. It is waterproof and airproof and its tough pliable nature makes it particularly useful for filling cracks in draining boards where other fillers are unsuitable. In tubes with a special application nozzle, price 3s.

★ ★ ★

There is now a remedy for the blouse and skirt which tend to part company. Kleinerts' are producing "Garment Grippers," a pair of lightweight rubber strips which are attached to the petersham of the skirt and hold the blouse firmly in position. A welcome advantage is that they do not have to be sewn in place, as there is a special easy-fixing device. Price 3s. 11d. the pair.

★ ★ ★

The Gas Council have just produced a booklet containing recipes ranging from the making of a good cup of tea to the scalloping of cods' roes. Eggless fritters and variations on the white sauce as well as handy measures and useful hints for the girl on her own are other helps included. All this for the girl on her own and those wishing to be hostesses but who have only one gas ring and a table top for a kitchen. "One-Room Cookery" is obtainable from most local gas showrooms.

★ ★ ★

On the sandy beach or the coolness of your own bathroom the new Vantona Joyous Morn Towels with lines of fishes swimming down the length are a gay sight. The vivid choice of colour is blue, green and red on white or pink, yellow, fuchsia and turquoise on white. 24 x 48 in. priced approximately 13s. 11d.

S.W. Display's have a London Telephone Directory stand, with flower pot attached. It makes an attractive fitting for the sitting-room windowsill, and encourages callers to replace the books where they will be easily found. £2 2s.

FOR COOLER DAYS

START at the lower back. With No. 14 needles, cast on 140 sts. and work in rib for 3½ ins. (56 rows) as follows :

1st row.—K. 1, * K.1, p. 1, repeat from * to end, k. last st.

2nd row.—K. 1, * k. 1, p. 1 ; rep. from * to end, k. last st. K. into back of all k. sts. except 1st and last sts. to give a twisted effect.

End on 54th row, right side facing.

Inc. to 160 sts. on next row as follows :

Inc. in the 4th st. and every following 7th st. to end.

Change to No. 11 needles and work as follows :

1st row.—K.

2nd row.—* K. 1, p. 1 ; rep. from * to end.

3rd row.—As 2nd row.

4th row.—* P. 1, k. 1 ; rep. from * to end.

5th row.—As 4th row ; rep. rows 2 to 5 increasing 1 st. at beg. and end of 7th row and every following 6th row (working extra sts. in pattern as they occur).—Until there are 182 sts. and 84 rows of pattern or desired length.

End right side of work.

Inc. 1 st. at end of next 4 rows, 186 sts. and 88 rows.

End right side of work.

SLEEVES : 89th row.—Cast on 10 sts. at end of next 2 rows, 206 sts.

Continue without further shaping, k. first and last sts. on every row, until sleeve edge measures 6¾ ins., 163 rows.

End wrong side of work.

SHAPE SHOULDERS : 164th row.—Cast off (in pattern) 14 sts. at beg. of next 12 rows.

Cast off 38 sts.

FRONT.—Work rib as described for back.

Change to No. 11 needles and continue as follows :

1st row.—K. 72, cast on 12 sts. (on right-hand needle now 84 sts.). Put remaining sts. on a st. holder and work left side as follows :

2nd row.—* K. 1, p. 1 ; rep. from * to end.

3rd row.—As 2nd row.

4th row.—* P. 1, k. 1 ; rep. from * to end.

5th row.—As 4th row. Repeat rows 2 to 5, always k. 1 st. every row on centre edge, inc. 1 st. at beg. of the 7th row and every following 6th row until there are 95 sts.

Continue on these sts. until end of row 84 (right side of work). Inc. 1 st. at end of next 2 rows at arm edge, 97 sts.

SLEEVE.—Now cast on 10 sts. at end of next row at arm edge. 107 sts.

Continue on these sts. (k. end sts. on every row) until end of row 118 (right side of work).

Cast off 4 sts. in pattern at beg. of next row and work to end, 103 sts.

Continue on these sts. until end of row 126 when pockets are made as follows :

POCKETS.—Cast on 34 sts. with No. 11 needles and work 27 rows in st.st. End p. row.

Work another the same.

Return to main piece. Work 23 sts., cast off 34 sts. in pattern, work 46.

Next row.—Work 46, work across 34 sts. of one pocket in pattern work 23.

(Continued on page 57)

A sweater with a tailored look using 5 oz. Templeton's 2-ply "Ayrbeam" Super Scotch Fingering, 1 pair of needles size No. 14 and 2 pairs of No. 11, 5 buttons. Worked at a tension of 19 stitches to 2 ins. and 10 rows to 1 in.

36-37-in. bust

OFF-SHOULDER BLACK

This is inspired by the sweater which so many Parisiennes are wearing this summer. It takes 4 oz. Wendy 2-ply Super Botany wool in black and 1 oz. in 3-ply; 1 yd. bias binding, 1 pair No. 12 and No. 13 needles and a small crochet hook. Worked at a tension of 9 sts. and 13 rows to the inch, measured over the st.st. on No. 12 needles. To fit a 36-in. bust.

START at lower front, by casting on 122 sts. on No. 13 needles. Work in rib of k. 1, p. 1 for 4½ ins.

Change to st.st. and work 1½ ins.

Change to No. 12 needles and inc. at each end of this and every following 4th row 22 times (166 sts.).

When work measures 14½ ins., cast off 7 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows and 3 sts. at beg. of following 2 rows, then dec. at each end of next 12 k. rows (122 sts.).

Continue until work measures 18 ins.

Next row.—K. 53, cast off 16, k. 53.

P. back.

Cast off 5 sts. at beg. of next k. row, 4 sts. at beg. of following 2 k. rows, 3 sts. at beg. of next 3 k. rows, 2 sts. at beg. of following 6 k. rows and 1 st. at beg. of next 7 k. rows.

Work all intervening rows in P.

(*Continued on page 58*)

Dyeing For Improvement

WOMEN with green fingers can persuade luxuriant flowers to grow in the stoniest soil. The rest of us sweating out our gardening, recognize that such women are set apart from ordinary beings, and are content to admire and envy, deriving what pleasure we can from our nice little show of nasturtiums.

Dyeing fingers are another matter. There is no need to admire or envy their possessor. Just copy her. For the women who are consistently successful in changing the colours of their clothes and furnishings haven't a natural aptitude for home dyeing. Their talent lies in a strict observance of the rules.

A home dyeing novitiate usually approaches her dyeing stint with the uneasy recollection that even at the dyers and cleaners they said ". . . at your own risk." So she experiments with an old blouse, and it doesn't matter if it's a flop, because it was ready for discarding anyhow.

Badly worn clothes seldom dye well, so the result is patchy because the dye has been unevenly distributed. Only on the blouse. She usually manages to distribute it very evenly indeed on the wall, floor, table, sink, apron, hands and face.

HOWEVER, a first failure is soon forgotten, for home dyeing continues to exercise a quite remarkable fascination over most of us; and a first success can easily make a lifelong addict.

But, addict or first-time-outer, remember that you are engaged in a chemical operation, and it must proceed according to formula. The form is not at all difficult. On the contrary, it is perfectly simple, so long as you follow instructions.

Five factors add up to most home dyeing flops. The dye powder is not properly dissolved; the dye bath is too small; the garment is not moved about sufficiently; the dyeing time is cut short; the garment is dirty, greasy, or too badly worn.

So be thorough when dissolving your powder in boiling water; one fugitive undissolved particle of dyestuff can be the cause of a dark patch on your garment.

Stir the dissolved dye as thoroughly into the lukewarm dye bath, which should have enough water to cover the garment and yet allow for easy manipulation. It doesn't matter how much water you use; dilution will not lessen the depth of colour you aim at, for the material acts as a magnet to the dye, absorbing the lot. Season the brew with a tablespoonful of common salt; this helps to drive the dye on to the fabric more quickly.

The clean wet garment can now be immersed. And, stirring all the time, bring the water up almost to boiling point.

Working with a stick or wooden spoon, you just stand there, stirring, manipulating, swirling, turning and moving the garment about in the water. If you must answer the telephone or make a cup of tea, employ a sitter.

You will notice the wet garment will try to rise above the water. Resist this. Think of your dearest enemy and push it well down below level.

If you are dyeing linen, silk or cotton, it can do no harm to raise the dye bath to boiling point. For undoubtedly boiling helps to fasten the dye, and increasing the heat is the only way to further the penetration of the dye into the double thicknesses of hems and seams.

Wool, acetate rayon, p.v.c. plastic and nylon should all be kept below boiling point. Boiled nylon assumes a hundred permanently resisting creases.

Vinegar is a better driver and consolidator than salt for woollies; rayon and nylon need neither.

Some species of nylon may appear to have a slower dyeing reaction than other fibres. As in caramelizing sugar, you watch and watch and think it will never change. Then suddenly, in both instances, the colour comes up, and the actual dyeing time is just about the same as for other fabrics.

This is elastic, varying from twenty minutes to half an hour. The hotter the water, the less time for the "take." Instinct and judgment must enter into it at this stage. Hold the garment well up out of the water, remembering that it will dry several shades lighter.

HOWEVER well you may have played your part, the kind of dyestuff you use has great influence on the result. The new dyes which are sealed in little air-tight tins, there are thirty-eight colours to choose from—including good stocking shades—have the advantage that they stay fresh permanently.

The contents of a sixpenny tin, dissolved in half a pint of boiling water, will take care of half a pound of dryweight material.

It may be necessary to decolourize before dyeing. Faded, streaky curtains, for instance, should be stripped first; or they will dye streaky. The remover which you can buy at most hardware stores is an excellent, easy-to-use, stripping agent.

Nylon stockings are the exception to the don't-boil-rule; because creased stockings fill out all right on the leg. It is an idea to strip and then re-dye all the odd nylons lying in the drawer, and marry them into usable pairs.

Once confident of your dyeing fingers, you'll find endless profitable changeabouts to be made, but even women with dyeing fingers can't help getting some of the dye on their fingers. Take it off with a liquid bleach.

Colour will bloom afresh on shabby garments if you know the simple secrets of dyeing, so here they are

Ford sets the fashion

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FORD 'FIVE-STAR' MOTORING

Evening Dress and Coat by

Ronald Paterson

GREEN AND SALAD DAYS

By JANET DARBY

THIS is the time of year when even the hearty eater—which is a euphemism for the gorger on beef, pork, suet puddings and the like—will deign to consider salad as a food, not merely for rabbits, but for human beings. Of course, you and I, as civilized folk, have long realized that salad has its place in the menu all the year round. A few general rules which will, I hope, help to make your salads even more delectable, will not come amiss.

In the first place, green salads should be crisp, dry, fresh and unbruised. If you have to keep your lettuce for a few hours, or even through a hot week-end, be sure to keep it as dry as possible, in a covered dish. A saucepan will do, if you keep the lid on. Wash it when you want to use it, never leave it to soak, dry it gently with a towel, and you will have made a good beginning.

Watercress needs quite different treatment from lettuce. I find it is best to put watercress into a bowl, with the root ends in water, so that you reproduce as nearly as possible its natural element.

A GREEN salad can be *all* green—a combination of lettuce, cress, endive, raw cabbage, dandelion, parsley, nasturtium leaves. Any or all of these : what cooler sight can be imagined on a hot day ! Place a *chapon*—which is a piece of toast or bread rubbed with garlic—at the bottom of the salad bowl. Prepare as described above, tearing the leaves apart with the fingers, and not to use a knife, and put it on top of the *chapon*.

A simple dressing made of two tablespoons of vinegar, four of oil, half teaspoon salt and quarter teaspoon pepper, put into a small bottle and shaken thoroughly. Toss the salad in it, using a wooden spoon and fork, and you will have achieved the perfect green salad. It will fittingly accompany cold cooked meat, cold salmon, shellfish, brawn, galantines, hardboiled eggs, or cheese.

If you prefer a mixed salad, make it colourful with firm tomatoes, quartered or sliced, shredded pimento, radishes, shredded raw young carrot, shredded raw young beetroot, cucumber. Toss in a few raw or cooked young peas, beans, or small cubes of boiled potato. Serve mayonnaise with this, and the eye as well as the palate will be satisfied.

Mayonnaise deserves a paragraph to itself. You may have found that using raw egg-yolks is a chancy business, if you don't content yourself with the prepared bottled stuff, under the mistaken impression that you can't make good mayonnaise. I am a cook's benefactor. Never again need you worry about too-thin or horrible curdled home-made mayonnaise. Try it this way and you'll never go wrong. Use one raw and one hardboiled egg-yolk. Mix to a paste, adding half a teaspoon dry mustard, a little pepper and salt. Mix in the olive oil—up to half a pint of it—a tablespoon at a time, beating hard after each addition. With the last three tablespoons alternate three tablespoons vinegar, which can be malt, tarragon, wine, or lemon juice if you prefer it. This is a Belgian recipe, and I have found it infallible. So will you.

Now for a few moulds to serve with your perfect salad.

CHICKEN CREAM MOULDS are made as follows :

½ lb. cold cooked chicken. 1 *pint milk.*
2 *oz. rice.* 1 *teaspoon parsley*
Seasoning

Cook the rice in the milk slowly till it is creamy and thick. Add pepper, salt, and half a teaspoon of paprika. Cut or mince the chicken, chop the parsley, and add both to the rice. You can then set this as one large mould, or as individual small moulds. Serve on a bed of lettuce, decorating the top of each mould with a sprig of parsley or a sliver of gherkin.

HAM MOUSSE is a special delight on a hot day. This is how you make it : Take two cups chopped ham—leftover bits will do—and mince it as finely as possible. Take one teacup chicken broth or consommé, free from fat. Warm it and dissolve half an ounce of gelatine in it. Or you can use the equivalent quantity of a good proprietary brand of aspic jelly powder. Add the beaten yolk of one or two eggs, mixing thoroughly into the warm jelly mixture while still on the stove, but be careful that it does not boil after adding the egg. Cool, then beat the white of egg till stiff, and add to the mousse. Stir in a quarter pint of cream or evaporated milk, and two tablespoons sherry. Pour into mould and chill thoroughly. Turn out when you want to serve it.

Now for fish, which is by no means to be despised as a hot-weather food. COD CREAMS are easy and colourful. Serve them on a bed of green salad, handing mayonnaise sauce to accompany them. You will want four firm large tomatoes, four ounces cooked cod, one gill anchovy sauce, some chopped nuts, preferably walnuts. Cut the ends off the tomatoes, and scoop out the pulp with a teaspoon.

Turn the tomato cups upside down to drain. Flake or sieve the fish. Make a thick anchovy sauce by melting half an ounce margarine, stirring in half an ounce flour, and adding half a gill of fish stock or water and one gill milk. Bring to boiling point slowly, stirring all the time. Then add anchovy essence until it is a mild salmon colour. Boil for five minutes. Allow to get quite cold, then mix with the tomato pulp and the fish. Fill the tomato cases, decorate with cream and sprinkle with chopped nuts.

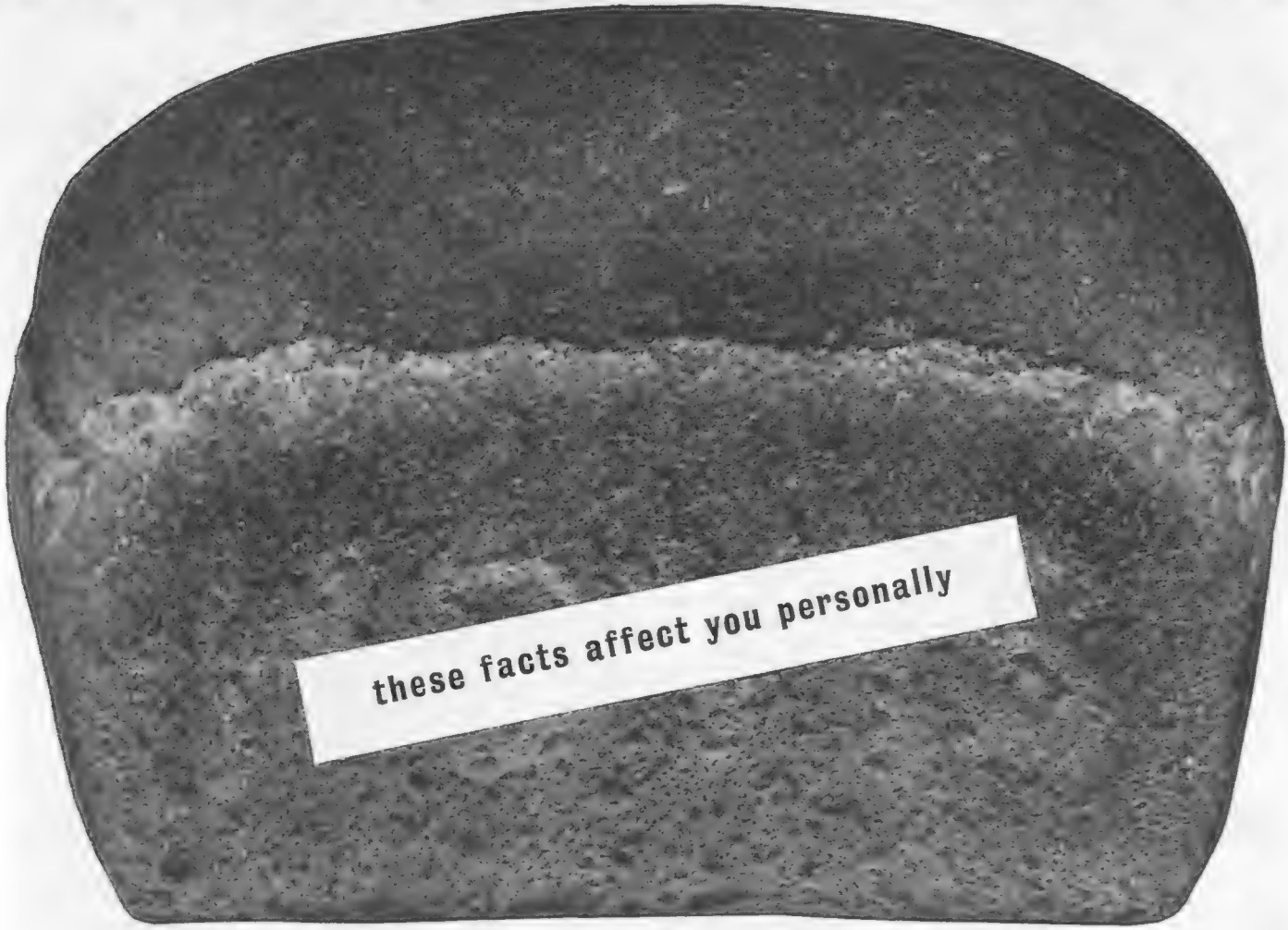
BUT, you will say, salads are by no means always green, nor need they contain greenstuff. The Americans, of course, mix anything with everything. The Scandinavians make real hearty affairs with spiced and salted fish, eggs, and so on. The French, with their usual delicacy, serve crisp hearts of lettuce, dressed with melted butter, and eat them as a separate course, and not as an accompaniment to anything else.

I am not entranced with mixtures of fruit and vegetables. Except for apples—tart, white-fleshed apples—which blend perfectly with equal quantities of celery and a very little chopped onion. Mix with mayonnaise.

Now just a few words on fresh fruit salad. Most fruit mixes with most other fruit, and a very little sherry heightens the flavour, but apples should never, never, be added to fruit salad, and while chilling is permissible, freezing kills the taste.

Salads, by the way, are simply chockful of calories. A head of lettuce supplies fifty calories, a medium-sized cucumber fourteen, half a cup of beetroot forty-five, a medium-sized spring onion ten, a large radish one, a medium-sized tomato twenty-five. As if we care !

BREAD is our staple food



Sometime this autumn, for the first time for nearly fifteen years, you are going to have a free choice of bread. Even if you're the most casual reader of newspapers, even if you glance only occasionally at a magazine, you've probably read the opinions of three or four different journalists on this subject, and as no two of them ever seem to think alike, you might wonder what all the arguing is about.

To understand the thing properly you have to start at the wheat which is the basis of bread, and to realise that the making of flour is not quite so simple as it looks. Even a single grain of wheat is not a simple thing—small though it is, it is made up of many different parts, some of which are better suited to the feeding of animals than to the nourishment of human beings. So the miller's job is not just to grind the wheat grains into powder, but to break them up in such a way that he can separate and sort the different parts. Each can then be used for the purpose to which it is best suited. Broadly speaking, the main constituents of a wheat grain are:—

1

The starchy white kernel—the technical people call it endosperm—*which is the only part used in the manufacture of pure white flour.*

2

The bran, *which is composed of the six layers of skin on the grain. This is mostly used for the manufacture of animal feeding stuffs.*

3

The germ, *which might be compared with the yolk of an egg, for it is the embryo of new life. If the grain is sown in the ground it is the germ which will develop into the new plant. It is this part, incidentally, which contains a high proportion of the wheat's food value.*

The miller, then, has to separate these things from each other and make the flour in the way which he thinks will best please the baker and, more important, you who will buy and eat the bread. He mills the grain, in fact, according to any one of a number of standards and leaves the choice to you. These standards differ, but here are a few of them:

Pure white flour. The bran has gone. The germ has gone, too—and this is a pity, for with it have gone important elements of the wheat, and a very pleasant flavour. To make up for these dietary losses the flour may be "fortified" with vitamins and other nutrients, real or synthetic.

"National" flour. Some, but not all, of the bran and germ have gone. The loss of the bran worries some expert dieticians, pleases others, but they mostly agree that the low germ content is a disadvantage.

Wholemeal. Just what it sounds—the whole meal, or wheat berry, ground to a powder, with nothing added and nothing taken away.

Hovis flour. The bran has gone to do its most useful job, that of feeding the animals. The germ goes too, but only temporarily. At one point in its manufacture the flour is in its natural creamy state—unbleached of course—and then the important things start happening. The germ, which you remember contains so much of the wheat's natural goodness and flavour, is cooked by a special process to prevent deterioration; *it is then put back into the flour.* More than that, *many times more germ is added to make it richer still.*

Nature's Best

Well, it's going to be entirely up to you to choose your standard. Bread of any kind is a valuable food, possessing as it does, body building properties and providing abundant energy. We don't try to hide the fact that this announcement is made with the intention of influencing your choice—because we sincerely believe that nature's best is still the very best. But whatever you do, remember that bread is a staple part of your diet; choose carefully.

Hovis Limited AUGUST, 1953.

The Wings Of Fear (*Continued from page 36*)

emanated from her, as in the pointed oval face and the fine eyes. Her voice was low-pitched and rather abrupt.

"Mr. Conway?"

"The same," I replied. "Roy Conway, of Conway, Fawcett and Featherstonehaugh."

She laughed. "Why do legal firms always have such majestic names?"

"It's a majestic profession," I said.

"Well, it's awfully good of you to come. I hope you didn't think I was just being tiresome? There are reasons, you see, why I thought it would be better to have the interview here."

She opened the brake door and I put my bag inside. Sitting on the floor at the back was a fair-haired boy of about four years old.

"The name's Peter," Val Grayson said. "He has to come to meet people. It's one of his treats."

"How do you do, Peter?" I inquired.

"I'm very well, thank you," he replied gravely, extending his hand.

I shook it, and then walked to the front of the brake and climbed in, and we drove off.

We had crossed the bridge and turned to the right along the quay before she spoke. "His father was killed a month after Pete was born. He was a test pilot. He crashed while trying out a new jet fighter."

"I'm—so sorry," I muttered conventionally.

"Please don't be," she said. "Andrew adored flying. It was his whole life. He had a wonderful record. If Pete's only half the man his father was, well, I—I shan't mind so much."

She relapsed into silence as the car sped through the winding Devon lanes, richly green in the evening sunshine.

I stole a look at her profile, and my heart, already stirred, began to quicken with interest.

Though I had had many minor flirtations in the past, during the last few years I had held aloof from women. Now I wondered if the decision had been wise.

The brake had turned into a sandy drive and pulled up outside a small, delightful Georgian house of mellowed bricks and tiles. An elderly manservant opened the front door and we walked into a flagstoned hall.

"Dinner's at eight," Val Grayson said. "You'll have to amuse yourself while I get Pete to bed. It's long past his time. Harvey will bring you something to drink."

DINNER was an informal meal. Valerie had exchanged her slacks for a housecoat of wine-red velvet. Our talk was light and inconsequential, of country matters, of plays and books and films. After the meal we moved into the drawing-room and seated ourselves in chintz-covered chairs pulled up to the log fire.

"Now then," she said abruptly. "How badly off shall I be? I know Daddy didn't leave much, poor darling."

I reached for my dispatch case and pulled out a sheaf of papers.

"When everything's settled up you'll have this house and about a couple of thousand pounds. If you cared to sell the house and contents, you would probably have another eight thousand or so."

She said quickly: "I don't want to sell. This house has been the home of my family for two hundred years. It has always meant a lot to me and I want my son to have it in his turn. So that's out. I suppose I could let it and take a job. But in this harsh world there's not much opportunity for a woman of my age without training or any special talent. So that's out, too. The alternative—and this is why I wanted you to come down and see the place for yourself—is to turn it into a hotel. Not the ordinary kind, of course—it's too small. But a sort of guest-house for sporting people. Tomorrow, perhaps, I thought we might go over the place in detail and you could give me your opinion of the idea."

"Certainly I'll do that," I said.

The next morning we spent going over the house and grounds. I advised against the guest-house idea, on the score that it would need far more money to launch the scheme than was available.

"Well," Val shrugged with resignation, "that's that. I won't argue because I'm sure you know what you're talking about. I don't suppose I'm really cut out to be a hotelier. I'm so bad at accounts. The thing is, what do I do now?"

"I'll tell you what," I said. "Take me for a walk."

We went to fetch our coats but no sooner had we done so than it came on to rain. So we spent the afternoon indoors, smoking, chatting and playing with young Peter.

THE next day was wonderfully fine and soon after breakfast we started off with a picnic lunch packed in a basket.

I had not felt so well for years. The springy downland turf was a joy to walk on. If I had not been so absorbed with my own well-being and intense pleasure in my companion I should have taken more heed of the direction in which we were heading. Suddenly, after we had passed through a field gate Val turned to me and announced with a mischievous smile, "I want to spring a surprise. Walk forward with your eyes shut and don't open them until I tell you." I did so. She took my hand and pulled me after. Then she said triumphantly. "Now—*look*! Isn't it marvellous?"

I looked. It was the worst moment since my crash. We stood on the very lip of Hartland Cliff which dropped five hundred feet sheer into the Atlantic Ocean.

My heart hammered and my nerves screamed with the familiar searing panic. Blindly I flung out my arms, turned and stumbled back across the turf, desperate to escape. I managed to reach the gate before my legs gave out. Then I sank down behind it, crouching close to the earth. The usual few seconds of oblivion followed. Then I looked up and saw Valerie standing in front of me, so shocked, so bewildered that she was speechless. I struggled to my feet and even managed a feeble grin, though I must have looked ghastly, my face grey-white and glistening with sweat.

"I'm all right now," I said again. "It never lasts long."

She sat down beside me in silence, waiting until I had recovered myself more completely. At length I said, "Val, I'm not going to apologize for something that I can't help. But I do owe you some explanation. I've been liable to these attacks, this fear of heights, ever since my plane was shot down."

"I'm the one who ought to apologize. It was a stupid thing to do, but I had no idea."

"Of course you hadn't. Why should you?"

"Will it—will it always be like this?"

"I don't know. All I can say is, that I'm especially mortified that this should have happened to me now, at this particular juncture."

"I don't quite understand."

"In case it should—lower your opinion of me. I think I've fallen in love with you."

She looked up, wonderingly.

"But you've only known me two days."

"Two days or two years. That's of no consequence. Knowledge like this comes in a flash. It's not something which is carefully reckoned and weighed up like a pound of meat. I knew almost directly I met you that you were the woman I wanted to love and to marry. Would you—could you consider it?"

"I'm very honoured, Roy. And touched, too. I do like you. I liked you at once. But—love's another matter. There would have to be that as well. And it shouldn't—forgive me if I speak plainly—it shouldn't be confused with pity."

"I don't want pity. But I might be more successful with you to help me."

"I think that, too. But frankly I don't know whether I'm fit to cope with it. I'm a very ordinary person, with no experience of the abnormal and not much understanding of it. But you must give me time to think." She rose to her feet and held out both hands to me. "Let's walk on, if you feel able to. I promise to keep away from the cliffs."

During the following two weeks after I had returned to London I developed all the stock characteristics of the lovesick male and must have been a laughable object to everyone but myself.

I wrote letters to Val repeatedly, asking if she would marry me. In one of her replies she said:

My dear,

Your last letter has made me feel ashamed of being so wary and non-committal. Lately I find myself thinking of you more often, and more warmly, and wanting to see you again. I am coming up to London in a few days. Both Pete and I need some new clothes; but I don't delude myself that this is the real reason for the visit. An old friend is lending me her flat. It's in Kensington, near Olympia. 115 Melrose Court, Telephone, Western 46561. Will you come on Tuesday at six? We'll have some dinner together. I'll bring a chicken. I'd rather dine in than out, you understand. Pete couldn't be left alone in the flat. And besides, it's so difficult to have a heart-to-heart talk in a crowded restaurant. And what I have to say to you comes very much into that category. I won't enlarge on this, except to add that I think, I *hope*, you will be the happier for hearing it.

Until Tuesday, then—

Val.

This letter, with its cryptic promise of good tidings, threw me into a transport of expectation. On Tuesday afternoon I telephoned the flat and felt a suffocating joy when I heard Val's voice at the other end of the line. By five o'clock I was in a cab, on my way to her.

MELROSE COURT was a cube-shaped, uglybuilding, eight stories high. I felt a qualm of dismay when I discovered that flat 115 was a penthouse on the top floor. I rang the bell and she opened the door. Automatically I reached out my arms for her. She did not evade the embrace. "Come inside and see the flat. It's got central heating, of course, and a glorious view——" She paused and gave me a swift, inquiring look. I had stopped dead, confronted by that same "glorious view" from the wide-open window which faced me. The old hateful fear began to mount. I strove with every fibre of my being to fight it down, but it was no use. I had to sit down and Val followed me. She came and knelt beside me, but when I put out my hand she did not take it.

"Will it make any difference?"

She made no reply but averted her face.

"I don't know, now. I don't know what to say, without seeming heartlessly cruel. If this thing is going to hang over us like a cloud, spoiling everything we plan to do—I don't think I could bear it.

The words were gentle but they cut me like a knife. I was in despair. The happiness that had been so nearly in my grasp was slipping away.

"If I sound selfish, do please believe that I'm not thinking only of myself. There's Peter, too." She broke off. Mention of the boy's name must have brought with it some subtle warning. "Wait," she said. "He's too quiet. I must go and see what he's doing." And she went out of the room in which we sat, into the lounge. She came running back, her face chalk-white. She pointed wildly to the open window.

"He's out there," she said.

I forced myself to go close to the window, to look out—and down. Below was the flat projecting roof of the lower apartment. It was about two yards wide and dropped sheer into the courtyard eighty feet below. Running off it at a right angle was a narrower ledge, or parapet, connecting it to a similar projection at the opposite corner of the building. On this further ledge lay an object of silvery metal, shining in the sun—a tiny model plane with R.A.F. markings. Half-way along the parapet, shunting (*Continued on page 56*)

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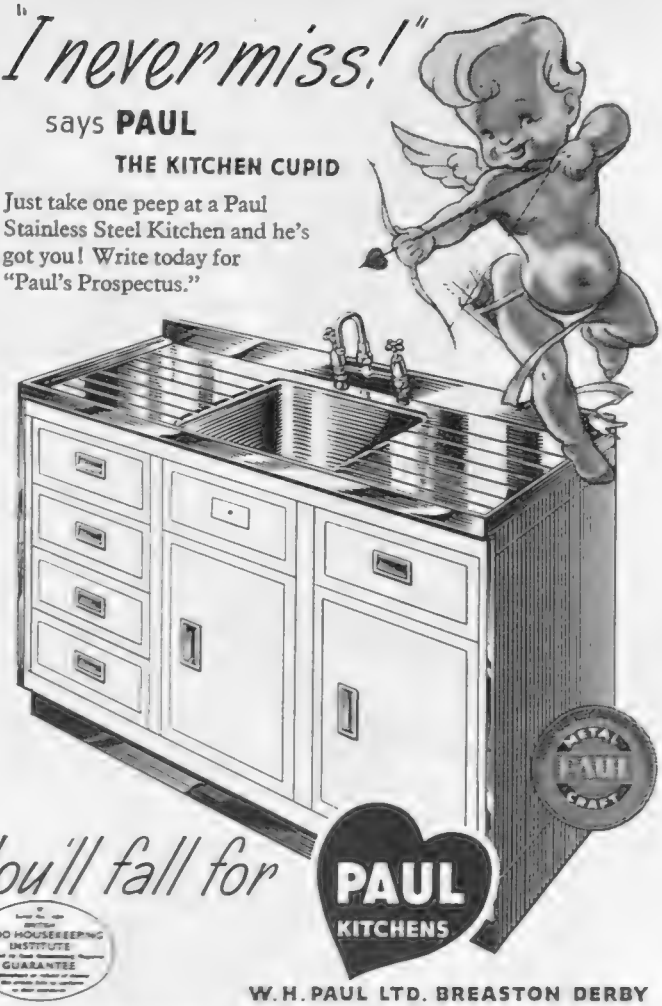

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himself sideways with his legs dangling into space, sat the boy Peter. I felt the fixity of Val's gaze and I turned to face her. She looked as though she were about to faint. With the realization of her helplessness, something came to me, some sudden potency to answer the appeal, over and above my own terror.

I met Val's gaze and held it. I said, "Don't worry. I'll get him."

I stepped from the ledge on to the parapet. I didn't kneel and crawl. I walked. Unbelievably, I could do this. And while I did it I was talking all the time in a voice with scarcely a tremor.

"Sit still, Pete. Don't try to turn or look round. I'm coming alongside you. This is good fun. But we ought to be properly dressed for it. It's pretty dirty out here. So we won't bother to fetch the plane now. We'll go back the way we came and rescue it another time."

I could reach him now. I grasped him by the slack of his overalls and gently but firmly pulled. He was totally unconcerned. I got him back on the ledge and lifted him until his shoulders were level with the window. He gripped the sill and Val's arms came out and snatched him and hauled him in. I hoisted myself, found a footing in a crevice in the bricks and slid back into the room. I closed the window behind me. The next thing I remember, all three of us were sitting on the floor. I was panting and as physically exhausted as though I had been running in a race.

Val was holding the child and crying. Her shoulders shook and the tears streamed down her face. The child got up and strolled away. I edged myself nearer to Val. She was looking at me, smiling through her tears, and in that look was all that I ever hoped to see there. And then she was in my arms. I held her hard over my swelling heart and felt that she was drawing strength from me, out of that store I now incredibly possessed. I felt the softness of her, and the relaxing tension. We were at peace in the quiet room.

"Oh Roy——" she whispered. No more than that. But she clung to me as though she could never bear to let me go.

END

Rugs From Rags

(*Continued from page* 38)

wide, cumbersome widths and are left in long flap lengths.

Woollen rags are best for pegged rugs because they give a harder wearing and more resilient pelt. Collect anything made of wool: kneeless and seatless flannel trousers; discarded, torn school blazers; scarves; underwear—anything and everything.

The instrument for pegging is a peg hook, which resembles a big crochet hook.

The material upon which you peg is hessian, bought by the yard and cut to any size or length you desire. Around the edge of the hessian stitch carpet binding by machine to prevent fraying and to give a firm edge to turn under.

As for the design, you can work patch work without any or you can draw whatever you fancy. The design can be painted on the hessian with water paints or drawn on with a charcoal stick. For beginners, squares and simple designs are better, but with experience flowers, scrolls or more elaborate patterns can be carried out.

HAVING collected the rags, hessian, hook and a sharp pair of big scissors, set about the pegging.

First cut your woollen material into strips about ¼ in. wide. The strips can be any length from a few inches to yards. Place the hessian over your knees and over the right arm of the chair as this gives underneath space in which to work.

Work with the right side of the hessian on top. With the left hand, take a strip of material and hold under the hessian. With the right hand holding the peg on top of the material, push the point of the peg through a hole in the hessian, find the strip underneath with the hook, and pull through the hole. The desired pelt of the rug determines the length you pull the strip through. I usually have mine ½ in. high. The end of the strip is on the top of the hessian ½ in. high and the rest of the strip is underneath. Insert the hook into the next hole in the hessian; pull the strip through and leave the resulting loop ½ in. high. Disengage the hook, and continue in this manner until you come to the end of your strip, pulling the loose end on the outside. Trim these ends to the height of the ½ in. loops if they should be longer. There is no tying. The loops stay firm because they are packed closely together and they are wider than the hole through which they were pulled.

On your first rug you will probably find you have difficulty in gauging your loops to the same level. If this should be the case, trim the tops level. This trimming takes much longer, but does not lessen the wear of the rug in any way.

If your strip material is very thick, you will find that you do not need to go into every hole of the hessian, but every two or three. In this way you can use all weights of woollen material. I find it much easier to peg from right to left, and to work above each completed line.

Don't think your pegged rug will be finished in a week. If it is any size it will take months, but the job becomes more interesting the more your hessian becomes filled. When all the pegging is done, put the rug face down, turn the binding over and stitch down by hand. Press with a damp cloth. The braided rug is a quicker method, attractive, but not so luxuriant or rich. The material used here can be either wool, cotton—or even silk and nylon, though the latter are apt to stretch. On no account must you mix the kind of materials—all cotton or all wool—in any one rug.

Again the rug is made with strips, and the heaviness of the material determines the width of the strip. In ordinary cotton (like a sheet thickness), cut or tear a strip about 1½in. wide, as long as possible; sew two strips together by hand or machine with a simple raw edge. Seam, and continue joining until you have yards and yards. Roll the strips into balls, and make firm with a pin to prevent unrolling, leaving about two yards of loose end. With three such balls with loose ends, pin the loose ends together and fix them firmly somewhere (I pin them to the arm of an easy chair), and plait as you would your daughter's hair. The raw joined edges usually bunch themselves, and are hidden in the braiding, but take care to see that they turn neatly inside.

When you have yards of the braided snake, start sewing together to form the rug. This is best done on a table where it can be kept flat. The shape can be oval or oblong, and you join with strong thread and firm stitches that don't show. Round you go, easing the curves all the time, until the rug is as big as you want. Finish off by tapering the end of the braid underneath the last round. Press with a damp cloth.

Some of these braided rugs I have backed, if they are very large and oval, using washed bran sacks sewn together, and tacked criss-cross behind. If not backed they are reversible, an asset for nursery rugs.

THE third type of rag rug is the crocheted one, done as you would crochet dinner mats, round and round—using a big hook and strips of material about an inch wide. Join these strips with the same raw seam as in the braided rug. You will have to experiment as to whether your material looks better with the plain or double crochet. The heavier and plumper the crochet, the longer the wear. This method is the quicker of the three.

END

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Colour Enhancement

(*Continued from page* 45)

porous and must be watched with particular care when using henna cream.

Hair gets more porous as it gets older. In practical terms, that means that the ends of the hair will be more susceptible to henna dye than the same hair near the roots, so that the cream should not be left so long on the ends of the hair as at the roots.

WITH so much that can be done with both the henna cream and the lightener, it is important to realize the limitations of hair tinting at home. It would be unwise, for instance, to attempt to lighten extremely dark or raven-black hair with lightener, while henna will have little or no effect on it at all. Apart from giving the hair a sheen with a blue or raven-black colour rinse, which is, of course, not a permanent dye, it would be better not to attempt any change of colour for yourself. But that question would seldom arise.

A much more general problem is the white or very grey head. Henna will give a red-gold sheen to white hair. Some women find this colour becoming and attractive, so that one cannot say that it should never be used. But the colour is not a natural one, and it is perhaps safer not to use henna on completely white hair. The lightener, on the other hand, will remove the yellowish discoloration which so often mars white hair and, again, colour rinses can give a lovely soft blue or gunmetal tint to white hair.

How can these preparations help the greying or "pepper and salt" head? If the natural colour were auburn or red, then henna will help to conceal the grey hairs. But it must be remembered that grey hair takes dye much more easily and strongly than pigmented hair so that the grey will become a richer red than the rest if the application time is not regulated accordingly. Where grey hair is appearing a blonde head, the lightener, by lightening the rest of the hair, will help to blend in the white hair imperceptibly.

For the dark head which is going very grey, it is quite frankly better not to try a permanent change of hair colour, unless you are prepared to have a professional salon treatment. A gunmetal, black or dark-brown colour rinse, as the case may be, will help to blend the white hairs into the darker ones, and the white hair can always be concealed with a temporary "brush-on" colouring.

END

For Cooler Days

(*Continued from page* 48)

Continue until end of row 148, right side of work, when neck shaping begins as follows :

NECK : 149th row.—Cast off 19 sts. in pattern, work to end, 84 sts.

Continue on these sts. until end of row 167 (4 rows more than on back), end wrong side of work, when shoulder shaping begins as follows :

SHAPE SHOULDER : 168th row.—Cast off 14 sts. at beg. of each row at shoulder edge, until all sts. are cast off.

RIGHT FRONT

Join wool to centre front of 88 sts. and k. to end.

Begin pattern on next row and work to match left side reversing the shaping and always k. the end st. of centre front, until there are 70 sts. and 85 rows.

Inc. 1 st. at end of next 2 rows at arm edge (101 sts.).

Work 1 more row then begin sleeve as follows :

SLEEVE : 90th row.—Cast on 10 sts. at end of row (111 sts.). Continue on these sts. (k. end sts. every row as before) until end of row 119, end wrong side of work.

SHAPE OVERLAP : 120th row.—Cast off 8 sts. in pattern, work to end 103 sts.

Continue on these sts. until end of row 126 when second pocket is inserted as follows :

Work 46, cast off 34, work 23.

Join pocket on next row as described for other side and continue until end of row 149, end wrong side of work.

SHAPE NECK : 150th row.—Cast off 19 sts. in pattern, work to end. 84 sts.

Continue on these sts. and work to match other shoulder beginning shoulder shaping on row 169.

POCKET FLAPS.—With No. 14 needles cast on 53 sts. and work in rib for 18 rows as follows :

1st row.—* P. 1, k. 1 ; rep. from * to end. P. 1.

2nd row.—* K. 1, p. 1, rep. from * to end. K. 1 (k. into back of all k. sts. except first and last sts.)

Cast off in rib loosely on wrong side.

TO MAKE UP.—Press on wrong side, lightly, under a damp cloth and the ribbing very lightly, with a fairly hot iron. Sew pockets neatly on inside and flaps to outside, turn down and press. Sew left side extension piece to top of ribbing. Sew side and shoulder seams. Place right side over left, matching centres and sew on buttons.

END

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Off-Shoulder Black

(*Continued from page 49*)

Cast off remaining 12 sts.

Rejoin wool at centre and work second shoulder to match but casting off at beg. of all p. rows and working intervening rows in k.

BACK.—Work to match front but cont. until work measures 19 ins.

Next row.—K. 52, cast off 18, k. 52.

P. back.

Now cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next k. row, 5 sts. at beg. of following k. row, 4 sts. at beg. of next 3 k. rows, 3 sts. at beg. of following 3 k. rows, 2 sts. at beg. of next 4 k. rows.

Cast off remaining 12 sts.

Work up second shoulder to match, rev. all shapings.

COLLAR.—Cast on 70 sts. on No. 12 needles and work in st.st. for 32 ins. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP.—Press all pieces well under damp cloth, stretching lower edge of collar slightly. Join shoulder seams. Face armholes with matching bias binding. Join collar seam. Join side seams. Join collar to neck, right side of collar to wrong side of jersey. Turn over and press seam, but do not press over collar with hard line. Now take 3-ply wool and cut into 9-in. lengths. Take 4 threads and with small crochet hook pull them through bottom of collar and knot, taking the greatest care not to make collar edge frilly. Rep. at close intervals all round collar.

END

This Our Heritage

(*Continued from page 9*)

now remain as their owners left them, and open for all to visit, thanks to the Trust. In London there is 24 Cheyne Row where the grizzled dyspeptic Carlyle wrote his brilliant, irritable books dedicated to shaking into action the people of "torpid, gluttonous, sooty, swollen and squalid England." His rent in the middle of the last century was £35 a year and he thought Chelsea as a neighbourhood "cheap and excellent."

Though architecturally uninspired, T. E. Lawrence's cottage at Clouds Hill in Dorsetshire is worth a dozen former ducal palaces to anyone who has fallen under the spell of the taciturn and tortured adventurer who retired there as Aircraftman Shaw after the first World War. Hidden deep among the trees, it has all the plain simpleness he admired so much. Lawrence bought it on an overdraft and made almost the entire furniture by hand himself.

THERE is one house which the Trust controls but which will not be open to the public until its occupier dies. Everyone who has seen it would like to look over its large library and peep into its sizeable cellar, but no one would wish its tenant gone. This house is Chartwell, the country home of Sir Winston Churchill. One of the most popular sights in it will obviously be the plain red-brick wall in the garden, which is pretty much like the wall of my garden, except that it is signed "Winston."

Many visitors to lovely old Flatford Mill in Suffolk would regard the place as worthy of preservation by the Trust on its looks and atmosphere alone. They would, perhaps, pause to gaze at Willy Lott's cottage with its plain white walls reflected in the shimmering water and wonder what made this sight so familiar and memorable. Soon they would realize that this simple house, which Lott lived in for eighty years without ever spending more than four whole days away, was one of Constable's favourite subjects and can be seen in one corner of the famous "Haywain."

BUT the Trust does not consider itself in any way as a kind of three-dimensional school text book. It wishes to encourage a living England, and it includes among its possessions, for example, many thriving old inns. In Southwark there is the George which was given to it by the London and North Eastern Railway. The George was built in 1677 on the site of an even older hostelry where Shakespeare is believed to have acted with his company in the open courtyard. The yard was enclosed on three sides until 1880, and in its present form the inn is reminiscent more of Dickens than Shakespeare. Certainly it is mentioned in *Little Dorrit* and the old wooden pews at which the customer sits, like tiny train compartments, are rarely seen in London pubs today.

Not everyone is interested in historical and literary associations. Some people are bored by Hadrian's Wall which was once in danger of disappearing because jerry-builders raided it for stones. Three and half miles of it with a hill fort is now safe in the care of the Trust at Housesteads in Northumberland. The Druid's Circle at Keswick, or at Avebury in North Wiltshire, and even the obscene Cerne Giant in Dorset, which was carved into the chalk face of the Downs almost 2,000 years ago to celebrate the British worship of Hercules, leave some tourists cold.

But no one who has a spark of feeling for this England could fail to be grateful for the continued unspoilt existence of Mullion Cove in Cornwall or the whole section of the Exmoor Forest from Dunkery Beacon to Porlock on the Bristol Channel which the Labour M.P. Sir Richard Acland gave to the Trust. Anyone who has holidayed in the Lakes and for a few weeks found himself cut off by the gaunt hills from the world of telegrams and international incidents, pylons and pit-heads, is in the debt of the Trust which guards ten per cent of all this Wordsworth country.

THE villages of England are its unique heritage. West Wycombe has been in the hands of the National Trust since 1934 and contains in a couple of streets the quintessence of our country life. There is a perfect gem of a Queen Anne house, "the Steps," a tiny general store, a tea shop, three inns, a post office, fifty-two cottages and an infants' school. West Wycombe is under no glass case. The people of the village carry on with their daily life, little disturbed by the flood of summer tourists. On the other hand, the Trust has not preserved any picturesque poverty or historic cesspools; all the properties in West Wycombe have main drainage, electric light and bathrooms.

If you want to visit the highest mountain peak in England or the flattest stretch of fen, you should consult the Trust. If you want to visit the stately homes of Bradley Manor or Ham House or Little Moreton Hall, the Trust will be your guide. One of my own favourite Trust properties is Bodiam Castle in Sussex. This is a kind of pattern castle from which any others could be tailored: its design is simplicity itself. Bodiam has a square plan with massive curtain walls and a drum tower at each corner. It stands four square in the centre of a lake and has the rare distinction of never having been altered or added to since it was first built.

Today more than ever before we need the National Trust. In an age of increasing mechanization and regimentation, we must keep the natural beauty of the countryside and the elegant architecture of the towns in order to remain sane. Otherwise Britain will resemble a floating Blackpool moored off the Continent and in danger of sinking under the weight of concrete and corrugated iron, a semi-precious stone set in a sea of litter.

END

The Genius Of Ivy House

(*Continued from page 30*)

Wedgwood worked tirelessly to perfect it, and the degree of his success can be gathered from the names of famous people who ordered his wares. In 1765 he received his first order from Royalty, a service for Queen Charlotte, wife of George III. She was so impressed with his work that she gave him the right to style himself "Potter to the Queen" and the right to call his cream colour "Queensware," the name by which it is still known today.

IN 1774 a dinner and dessert service was completed for Catherine the Great of Russia. This was in many ways Wedgwood's greatest undertaking in Queensware, for the set consisted of 952 pieces, each decorated with a different handpainted view of English country houses and famous views. Pieces of the ware are still to be seen in the Winter Palace at Leningrad.

Wedgwood's success had become so considerable and the demand for his wares so great that on July 13, 1769, he opened a new factory called Etruria and six black basalt vases were made to commemorate the event. They were thrown by Wedgwood himself while his partner, Bentley, worked the potter's wheel.

In the early days Wedgwood had confined himself largely to the making of "useful" ware but in the latter part of the eighteenth century he perfected the decorative black Basalt and the Jasper on which more than any other product his fame probably rests. It was the outcome of endless experiments. The Jasper was made in all shades of green, in black and white, as well as the so familiar blue.

This, combined with the employment of fine contemporary artists like John Flaxman and Blackwood, brought Josiah to the climax of his artistic career and to its culminating point, the copy in Jasper of the "Portland" Vase.

It took four years to complete his experiments for the vase, but in 1790 the finished specimen was complete and received from Sir Joshua Reynolds the following testimonial: *"I have compared the copy of the Portland Vase with the original; I can declare it to be a correct and faithful imitation."*

Nobody is certain how many copies of the vase were made, though there are records of twenty-six having been sold at between twenty and thirty guineas.

WEDGWOOD was a pioneer not only as a potter in his own right, but as one who believed that only the best was good enough to be associated with his name; the best artists; the most up-to-date mechanical improvements; the most painstaking experimentation; the most enlightened concern for the well-being of his employees.

Wedgwood today continues on the same principles. Like so many long-established undertakings, though the Wedgwood tradition goes back through the centuries, the modern production methods are of the best and most up to date. Modern Wedgwood is produced under model factory conditions. The spacious, airy new factory at Barleston, opened in 1940, contains the first all-electric pottery kilns ever to be used in this country.

Over one hundred different designs in bone china and ninety-two different patterns in Queensware are in production in the factory today. Some of these have been seen in the shops, since the return of decorated pottery to the home market. When one considers that each piece represents not only the skilled craftsmanship of the modern potter at Barleston, but the aesthetic heritage of the genius of Ivy House, one would expect to pay much more than the current commercial prices asked for contemporary Wedgwood.

END

Banksia Rose

(*Continued from page 28*)

said sorrowfully. "Uprooting old folks—it doesn't do—you'll see she won't last much longer,"—as though George were a robber baron who had driven her from her home.

We eyed him coldly, as we should have eyed anybody who had bought Beech Trees. Or maybe not. George was so sure of himself, so pleased with himself, that was most of the trouble.

The farm had always been known as Beech Trees, then one day Mrs. Lee informed us that in future it was to be called Long Meadows. While we were still being grimly sardonic about this I met George in the village. He was just coming out of the Post Office and I could see Mrs. Triggol peering through the geraniums on the window-sill. His smile was so cheerful that I could have slapped him. Had he no idea at all of the way people were talking about him?

"I've just been in to tell the old dear that in future my place will be called Long Meadows," he announced blithely.

"Why?" I said coldly. I had some slight advantage for I was mounted and he had to look up at me.

He gave me a rather puzzled glance, then he laughed. "Well, after all, why not?"

"Except that it's been called Beech Trees for about two hundred years," I said.

But that didn't daunt him. "No reason why it should be called that for another two hundred," he said jauntily. "Anyway, there isn't a beech tree in sight for miles around."

I was a little surprised to find that I was suddenly boiling with rage.

"Strangers wanting to make money have cut them down," I said. "But it doesn't really matter—nobody but yourself will ever call it Long Meadows."

(*Continued on page 60*)

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He frowned as though it were beginning to dawn on him that all was not well.

"Yes, but look here," he began, but I kicked the pony with my heel and moved off, and as I moved the sun picked out a gleam of gold in his blond head and tipped with gold the thick fringe of his lashes. But that had nothing to do with it, I told myself impatiently—I should certainly have slapped him if I'd stayed longer.

MRS. LEE brought news of lavish improvements and alterations at Beech Trees. We approved when he installed a generating plant for electricity, but all the same we wagged our heads and said, "Oh well, all the years that poor Mrs. Lane struggled with oil lamps."

An army of workmen descended on the place, walls were taken down, gallons of white paint were used, according to Mrs. Lee, who let herself go as she described the superb new hearth in "the lounge."

"That be Mrs. Lane's little old front sitting-room, see."

All the outhouses were whitewashed and the barton doors were painted red and we had to admit that the effect was handsome.

"But handsome is as handsome does," we muttered obscurely with no very clear idea of what we meant except that dimly we disapproved—not so much of George himself as of the fact that he had enough money to do as he wished. It began to seem an insult to the memory of all the dead and gone Lanes that the house in which they had lived for so long should be so ruthlessly transformed.

Tim was about the only one who stood up for George. "Can't see what all the fuss is about," he said. "He's making a very fine place up there at Beech Trees."

"You mean Long Meadows," Nancy murmured, and Tim looked blank, for the village gossip didn't always get around to him. "Actually, the Manor would look better for a lick or two of paint," Nancy continued casually.

"I daresay it would," said Tim shortly, "but I haven't the money that George Crosbie seems to have."

"Tim, darling," said Nancy eagerly, and I got up hastily and left them and I never really knew what happened, except that Nancy didn't bring it off for when I met her later in the hall she said grimly:

"Well, it will have to be try, try, try again."

We were of course very busy all the time piecing together the odds and ends of information about George which Mrs. Lee passed on. Born and bred in town he was, she said, any amount of money—we'd guessed that from the way he was spending it; decided to go in for farming.

"Go in for farming"—that gave us an acid laugh. He'd been to an agricultural college, spent some time working on a farm—that was the extent of his experience of farming, and it was out of the depths of that knowledge that he was prepared to advise and criticize those of us who had farmed all our lives. But once we knew that in spite of his boundless assurance he was in fact an amateur we felt indulgent towards him and inclined to help—but George asked for neither help nor advice. On the contrary he used to drop into the Verney Arms and give us the benefit of his advice and opinion. He'd stand there in the breeches which were still too new and stiff, tankard of home-brewed cider in hand.

"Nothing to beat this real old country stuff," he'd say, and we'd look at him in a gloomy silence, unless somebody were moved to say, "Ar," putting on a truly rural act for his edification, and if I happened to be there I'd squirm a little and hope that he wouldn't make too big a fool of himself. He had a quick clipped, way of speaking which was offensively peremptory to ears accustomed to the slow West Country burr.

"I'd like to put a bomb under that rector of yours," he remarked when we adjourned to the Verney Arms after a fête committee at which the rector had presided.

We knew the rector was a slow old stick, we grumbled about him amongst ourselves, but he had lived among us for a long time, he had christened us, married us, held our hands when we lay dying, buried us; he was as familiar a part of our landscape as the gnarled and wind-blown fir tree on the bend of the hill—we felt that it was not for an outsider to air a critical opinion.

GEORGE had not improved his status at that fête committee. The rector had announced it one Sunday morning and as we came out of church George waylaid me.

"What is this fête committee? I should like to have a hand in it. I'm pretty good at that sort of thing—organizing. Now up in the North—well, I don't mind telling you I've got some pretty good ideas." I explained, not very cordially, that he would have the opportunity to air his good ideas, since "committee" was merely a formal word for what was in effect a meeting open to anybody who cared to attend.

He came, of course, looking all wrong, too young, too bright, too well-dressed. Much too-well dressed in that gathering of shabby tweeds. We were slow in getting under way for the rector had no grip on that sort of thing. He dithered and shuffled about with odd bits of paper, but we were used to him and we waited patiently enough knowing that after a decent interval Tim would take over. But I saw George begin to fidget and I was a little surprised to catch myself wishing that I were sitting beside him to restrain him. We smoked in placid silence, waiting for the moment when the rector would shoot an appealing glance at Tim, but George couldn't stand it.

"Mr. Chairman, I should like to make a suggestion," he said, leaping to his feet. "I should like to offer the grounds of Long Meadows for the fête. It would give me the greatest pleasure to have you all there," he added with what we took to be a patronizing smile.

The Squire to the life, or his idea of the Squire, I thought acidly, yet at the same time uncomfortably sorry for him.

There was a chilly silence. We felt passionately loyal towards the rector who fidgeted with his pencil, quite obviously not knowing what to do or say next. I was sure that George had not meant to be offensive, he didn't know that the locale of the fête was already fixed by ancient precedent—but he should have known, I thought impatiently, he should have found out, and in any case, it wasn't his place to butt in.

"And where be this Long Meadows to?" inquired a voice with an elaborately exaggerated accent.

SOMEBODY tittered, then Tim stood up, tall and lean and curiously elegant in spite of his shabbiness.

"I am sure we all thank Mr. Crosbie for his generous offer, but I think that as a newcomer to this district he is perhaps not aware that the fête has always been held in the rectory garden."

Nancy gave me a poke. "Wham!" she whispered, but George seemed neither embarrassed nor annoyed—probably he did not realize the enormity of his suggestion. I imagined that if he had any reaction at all he ticked us off as a lot of slow-witted oafs who did not recognize a good offer when they saw it.

We got round to discussing the stalls and entertainments, of which skittling for a pig was the most popular—and actually the committee was in function as well as in name practically a formality. We knew, all of us, except George, exactly how the fête would be run, who would have which stall—it was merely a question of confirming what custom had already arranged. But George leapt to his feet again.

"I'll take charge of the pig-skittling, and what's more I'm prepared to give the pig."

He beamed expansively but the silence this time was frozen solid. The pig-skittling belonged to old Tom Philips of Adeney, who also gave the pig. I saw Tom's face flush, the rector looked acutely unhappy and chewed his thumb. I felt sorry for everybody, including George, and that annoyed me for it was nothing to do with me if he chose to make a fool of himself. Then Tim came to the rescue again and gently explained.

After that we realized that it was getting late and that the Arms would be closing and there was a little shuffling of feet and the rector understood and hurriedly closed the meeting.

"That Long Meadows now—where be that to?" somebody murmured in the bar and everybody chuckled, but Tim looked a little unhappy and I knew that I felt unhappy. Presently George breezed in, not at all dashed.

"Now come on, drink up," he said to us, "what are you going to have now?"

"Nothing for me, thank you," I said stiffly.

"Nonsense," George cried heartily, but I caught him giving me an odd, reflective glance between his lashes.

Rather to my astonishment Tim and Nancy accepted drinks and then I wished that I had for I had to wait while they finished.

OUTSIDE as I stood with Nancy beside her car she said thoughtfully:

"You know, I don't know why we've got this thing about George. He really is rather nice. I mean, standing drinks—not at all offended at being snubbed in the meeting. I rather like him."

"He's most offensive and quite vulgar and he'd have been delighted if you and I had looked coy and said, 'Mine's a small port please,'" I cried violently.

Nancy gave me a knowing grin. "Rose Verney, you really are quite odious sometimes. Such cast-iron snobbery, you and Tim, both of you, absolutely rigid with pride and snobbery."

"I know," I admitted, a little ashamed of myself. "You must blame the way we were brought up."

"The feudal glory of the Verneys," Nancy mocked, then she grinned at me. "I'm not going to give you a lift home because I want Tim to myself. Perhaps 'stars in a darkling sky and a pale new moon' will do something for my cause. Bye, bye, I must collect Tim. George will take you home," she added maliciously.

I TURNED quickly with some idea of tagging myself on to somebody from the village, but there was George bearing down on me.

"Hop in," he said, "I'll run you home."

I glanced at his car which was huge and shining and quite revoltingly opulent.

"Thank you, I think I'd rather walk," I said, but he was already opening the door, smiling down at me, and I reflected that he was too heavily armoured in conceit to recognize a snub when he met it. We roared away up the lane, myself in a haughty silence and George, too, unusually quiet. It wasn't very far to the Manor and when he stopped the car he turned suddenly towards me.

"Tell me something," he said. "I do my best to be friendly, I try to enter into things, I've offered help, and all I get is snubs all round. From you. From everybody. Now tell me just what's wrong with me, will you?"

I was horrified because I'd just been telling myself that he was too brassy to recognize a snub, it was disconcerting to find that he was aware of what was going on. In the faint light of Nancy's "Pale young moon" he was extraordinarily handsome—that light showed only his straight, fine features and none of his bright colouring and odious assurance. I felt sorry for him and because of that I was suddenly furiously angry. He infuriated me and that agonizing compassion for his innocence infuriated me, too, so I let him have it.

"You're crude and insufferably conceited," I said. "Coming here, throwing your money around, thinking you'll *show* us, despising us because we're slow, tearing everything up by the roots."

I was losing control of my voice and I stopped abruptly, wondering why I was so much upset. Usually I took things pretty calmly because I'd learnt that being upset never did any good, but I was positively shaking with rage or something. I waited for

him to turn and rend me for I had behaved unpardonably, but with a wry little smile he said, "Well, now I know what's wrong with me, anyway," which left me feeling very small.

I thought about apologizing but somehow I couldn't bring myself to do it, so I got out of the car, and without another word George turned and went. I stood listening to the car sweeping along the lane, I could follow the headlights up the hill and along towards Beech Trees. That was the end of my acquaintance with George I thought, hardily, I hoped, but actually with the most dismal sinking feeling. Well, it was time somebody told him off, I assured myself.

"Yes, but there was no need for it to be you," remarked the ghost of the well-brought up young lady I had once been.

I'd accused him of being crude and conceited, and I'd been quite crude myself and extremely rude into the bargain. I turned indoors with no very great opinion of myself and a nagging little ache of unhappiness for which I could not account at all.

After that we all sank into a wretched doldrums. Nancy came over and confessed that the stars and the new moon had been no help. "I suppose we shall go on like this for ever," she said moodily, "me in love with Tim and Tim in love with me and too damned proud to admit it. You and Tim living here while the Manor moulders around you—all of us as miserable as sin."

I couldn't find anything cheerful to say for I thought that she was probably quite right. Nothing would ever be different. I hadn't seen George since that night—not that George came into it, yet somehow he seemed to be a part of the universal misery. Autumn closed in on us, a quiet, dripping, green autumn with mists which lingered all day and the damp oozing through the walls at the Manor.

THEN one night a great gale blew in from the sea; I lay in bed listening to the roaring wind beneath which the old house creaked and groaned so that I seemed to be on board a ship. In the morning the sun was shining and the last sad leaves had been swept from the trees and it was much colder and somehow I felt more cheerful. The children came over from the school and we went riding and when I got back Nancy was waiting for me, her eyes alight, her lovely rounded cheeks bright with colour.

"Oh, where have you been?" she cried, "here I've been waiting and waiting for you. Rose—I've done it, I've done it. . . ."

I stared stupidly, I suppose, for she caught my hands and gave them a little shake.

"Oh, don't look like that—don't you understand? Tim is going to marry me!"

Well, after we'd stopped laughing, and hugging each other and dancing round the cobbled yard outside the stables, I said:

"But how on earth did you manage it?"

It seemed that she'd found Tim gloomily surveying the aftermath of the gale, tiles blown off the roof so that there was in one corner practically a gaping hole.

"You'll have to have that roof done," said Nancy, "before it rains, too."

"I know," said Tim, "but I simply haven't got the money to have it done properly, I suppose I shall have to patch it up myself."

"I've got plenty of money," said Nancy, and he gave her a haughty look and said that that was irrelevant, she must know that it would never be possible for him to use her money, not ever, in any circumstances.

"Then I just went bust," said Nancy. She'd stamped her foot and fairly screamed at him.

"Tim, you're without exception the most mercenary creature I've ever known."

"Mercenary?" cried Tim, almost screaming, too, for he prided himself on his lofty ideals. "Mercenary—me?"

"Yes, you," cried Nancy. "You think of nothing but money. You love me, you know you do, and you know that I love you, but will you marry me? No, oh no, because you're thinking all the time about money, it's more important to you than love—then you stand there and dare tell me you're not mercenary!"

"You know, I don't quite remember what happened afterwards," Nancy said. "I believe we bawled at each other for a while; I didn't listen to him and he didn't listen to me, we just bawled, then quite suddenly we stopped and stood looking at each other, then before I knew where I was he caught me in his arms—and over the rest of it I'd better draw a decent veil. But I did have the sense to say 'So now you're going to marry me?'"

The next day Tim went over to Zimian taking with him Mother's pearl and sapphire ring which so many Verney brides had worn, and feeling that I was all washed up and alone at that, I took myself for a walk through the woods.

I was, of course, delighted about Tim and Nancy; I knew they'd be divinely happy and the Manor would be restored, but I'd had time to reflect that things were going to be rather different for me. We'd had a little celebration the evening before, drinking sherry till we were all a bit tiddly, and Nancy and Tim had both declared that my home would always be at the Manor—a part of the house would be arranged as a suite for me—Nancy was full of plans. But as I walked along, scuffling the fallen leaves, I wasn't at all sure how this particular plan would work out. Not well, I thought. Nancy and I had always been the best of friends and I loved her dearly, but I'd seen quite a few friendships wither when in-laws tried to live together. Besides, I'd always been the mistress of the Manor and I wasn't quite certain that I should be able to abdicate gracefully.

I'd been walking absently, absorbed in my thoughts and I was a little surprised to find myself emerging from the lane into the open yard of Beech Trees—and there was George, (*Continued on page 62*)

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standing as though he had been waiting for me. I hadn't met him since the night when I had been so rude to him and I wondered whether we were on speaking terms. But he came towards me with a radiant smile.

"Come to see the place? Come along in, I'll show you round, though there really isn't much to see inside. No furniture yet, I mean, I've been camping in the kitchen while the workmen were in."

It was all done over in ivory paint, he had an Aga in the kitchen, the beams had been scraped down to the natural oak; I wondered what he'd do next—spoil it probably, fill it with modern stuff.

"Like it?" said George, as we came out into the sharp autumnal sunshine.

"Very much," I said truthfully.

We stood looking at the house, white outside, too, with the old banksia rose which climbed to the eaves leafless now, a tracery of twig and branch against the wall.

"I'm going to have that down," said George, "messy, earwiggy thing." I stared at him, shocked and horrified. "Oh no, you can't, you mustn't do that," I cried, then seeing his blank look I tried to explain.

The banksia was almost as old as the house, in the summer it was a hanging arras of green leaf and perfect bud and pure white bloom; on a summer evening we'd stroll round to Beech Trees, specially to see the banksia.

I hurried on, stammering a little with the urgency of my feelings. "You think country people don't appreciate what lies around them," I cried, then I told him about the great February corps-de-ballet of snowdrops in the rectory garden, which we all went to see, and the primroses, and the pale flame of wild daffodils running through the Manor woods.

"And the banksia—it—it's part of everything, everybody will be horrified if you tear it down."

George looked at me thoughtfully; it was an abstracted look and I wondered if he had heard what I had been saying.

"You know, you should have somebody to look after you and tell you what not to do," I heard myself say.

He gave me a sudden quick bright glance. "Well—would you? I mean, would you take me on—marry me and keep me out of trouble?"

Something extraordinary happened to me then. All the particles which make up the person called Rose Verney seemed to shoot into the air in a silent explosion and when they came down again they settled into an entirely different pattern, and I knew that I loved George. That, of course, was why I was so sorry for him—that was why I had been so angry when he behaved in a way that set people shrugging and sneering. "Would you?" said George.

I suppose he read his answer in my face for he laughed quietly and reached for me. "Oh Rose, darling Rose, I've been living for this moment, only that I never really believed it would come."

As I stood with his nice hard brown cheek pressed close against mine I remembered Mrs. Lee, who would surely be around somewhere since she never missed anything. But I didn't care very much, not at all, in fact; George was saying, "Rose, Rose," and I said, "Oh, George," and they seemed to be the wisest and most wonderful words that anybody had ever spoken. . . .

END

Books (*Continued from page 26*)

An elegant album of seventy enchanting camera-studies by Izis Bidermanas which are masterpieces of mood, superb works of art, with text by leading modernist authors: **"Gala Day London"** (Harvill Press, £3 3s.). I would call this a collector's treasure.

SOME of us like our novels solid, realistic, close to life, without that touch of phantasy which takes them at least one remove from it. Phyllis Bentley, always soundly rooted in her Yorkshire mill background, tells of a typical wool family in **"The House Of Moreys"** (Gollancz, 12s. 6d.), recalled by a widow who married into it and now looks back over a dramatically eventful life. It has a Brontë grip on character and mystery; there is even a dead wife's room only the sinister maid Adah may enter. . . .

ELIZABETH COXHEAD'S Alney is a hosiery town of Nonconformist stockingers in **"The Midlanders"** (Collins, 10s. 6d.). Ten years in the life of Sophia Littlejohn, from girlhood to marriage, bridge social conflicts between the older and younger generations, the titled Bannisters and the operatives, the diehards and the Socialist schoolmaster and councillor, horsy, county Lorna Bannister and the bookish, quieter Sophia. Alney and its people are vital, changing, growing, loving, laughing, suffering; the book lives.

ARE there women who can love only their husbands, yet be so acutely sensitive to the "sheer maleness" of other men that it tempts them into infidelity? Vincent Sheean portrays such a wife in **"Rage Of The Soul"** (Cassell, 15s.). She sails to India, hoping to find philosophic release for her obsession, is helped by a young Indian student on board, absorbs the mystical teaching of the East, and eventually returns to America and her husband because he needs her in a crisis which threatens his career. Elizabeth Redwood's problem and cure make a first-rate, intelligent story.

THE India she tries to absorb from without is presented from within by C. L. Holden in **"Videhi"** (Macmillan, 15s.), the story of an Indian girl whose reactions to an arranged marriage (from which she flees) and later love make her think: "Happiness will never be mine, and in my trail there seems only destruction," but who finds compensation in submission in the end. Simple, straightforward, with first-hand background, it has the authenticity one expects from an author who married an Indian in Benares and taught with her in Indian schools.

THE larger-than-life touch of phantasy I have mentioned is in John Mortimer's **"Like Men Betrayed"** (Collins, 10s. 6d.), and notably in the fat poet Seton who asks: "What can you make of people nowadays. Hunger, thirst, sex, nothing seems to mean anything any more." The story chiefly concerns a solicitor and his son, who uses a woman client's money to finance a shady deal in war-surplus weapons. There is a too-melodramatic murder climax, but the writing and characterization are brilliant, with rare, intuitive flashes on people and the London scene. This is how most of us would *like* to write fiction: in manner challengingly modern.

THE phantasy in **"Epitaph Of A Small Winner"** (W. H. Allen, 12s. 6d.) by the Brazilian writer, Machado de Assis, is this: it is supposed to be written by a man after his death. "And this is the great advantage of being dead, that if you have no mouth with which to laugh neither have you eyes with which to cry." Braz Cubas can accordingly be as ironic, pessimistic and Epicurean as he likes in recalling his life and loves, and at the end deem himself a "small winner" because he left no progeny to inherit our misery! Maurois links the author with Sterne and Anatole France, translator Wm. L. Grossman makes big claims for him; but his main virtue (and vice) is that he is egotistically himself.

WE all know the type of woman whose sensuality seems fated to land her in trouble. Humphrey Slater's **"Calypso"** (Longmans, Green, 12s. 6d.) turns down a marriage for a madcap affair with another, runs off to the South of France with him, and is tangled in a jewel robbery. Thirty years later, in Florence, she becomes implicated with an Italian poet suspected of murdering a woman in the cathedral and stops a bullet fired in his getaway. Too bad. But at least she has lived a romantic, slightly incredible story, told throughout with a curiously detached air.

WHEN I began reading Evelyn Waugh's **"Love Among The Ruins"** (Chapman & Hall, 6s.) I shook in my chair. A deliriously funny satire on criminal rehabilitation and the Welfare State. But it became just too clever over a woman who grows a beard after an operation and fizzed out at p. 51. A pity. Did Mr. Waugh suddenly get a craving to revisit *Brideshead*, and dry up? If so, the loss is our gain.

"O RUGGED LAND OF GOLD" (Gollancz, 13s. 6d.) is also land of terrible ordeal for Martha Martin, miner's wife, who becomes lost in the Alaskan wilds for many winter months and bears a child alone before she is rescued. She tells her presumably true story in a high-pitched, fictional style, with cutbacks to her former life. It is dramatically moving.

TWO U.S. doctor brothers and their wives find unity through suffering and struggle in Alice Tisdale Hobart's **"The Serpent Wreathed Staff"** (Cassell, 15s.). One is a dedicated idealist, the other harder, more practical. A fight against polio adds tension to a thoroughgoing, well-built story of four hundred pages.

I AM not qualified to enter into the religious fervours of Margaret Trouncer's **"The Nun"** (Hutchinson, 12s. 6d.), the story of Sister Margaret Mary Alacoque, seventeenth-century Saint. I can only say that she brings to this devout work the skilful technique of the historical novelist, and Catholics will read it with absorption.

BOOKS about food recommended for readers include:

"Court Favourites," by Elizabeth Craig (André Deutsch, 10s. 6d.). Recipes from Royal Kitchens, including The Queen Majestie's Cure for Pain in Ye Eyes and Head, Also for Ye Rheum. **"Traditional Dishes Of Britain,"** by the TV Cook Philip Harben (Bodley Head, 7s. 6d.). **"Hostess Dinner Book,"** by Mary Gallati (Souvenir Press, 12s. 6d.)., seasonal menus and shopping hints. **"Paris Cuisine,"** by James Beard and Alexander Watt (Macgibbon & Kee, 15s.). A guide to and recipes from sixty French restaurants. **"Country Wines,"** by Mary Aylett (Odhams, 8s. 6d.) and how to make your own wine.

MISCELLANEOUS

"Travels With A Tent," by R. M. Lockley (Odhams, 15s.). A well-illustrated record of trips through eight countries of western Europe. **Gatherings From Catalonia,"** by John Langdon-Davies (Cassell, 21s.). Personal experiences of the author who has lived in Spain for thirty years.

"Plants Indoors," by C. R. Boutard (Putnam, 18s.). Classification of pot plants and directions for growing and arranging them, with many illustrations. **"A Garden In Your Window,"** by Jean Hersey (Melrose, 15s.). Describes how to rear a real garden indoors including trees. **"The Seasons,"** by Ralph Wightman (Cassell, 12s. 6d.). Life on a Dorset farm by the famous broadcaster. **"Unto The Fields,"** by D. W. Gillingham (Museum Press, 17s. 6d.). The story of animals and plants in a section of Epping Forest, illustrated by Harry A. Bettit. **"Semi-Precious Stones,"** by N. Wooster (Penguin, 4s. 6d.). with coloured plates to illustrate an analysis of the raw material of our jewels.

"Unbroken," by Alastair Mars, D.S.O., D.S.C. and bar (Frederick Muller, 12s. 6d.). The story of a submarine and her crew. **"For**

Whom The Cloche Tolls," by Angus Wilson and Philippe Jullian (Methuen, 10s. 6d.). A well-illustrated scrapbook of the twenties. **"Wool Animals,"** by Pearl Pomeroy Goerdeler (Faber, 7s. 6d.). Simple instructions for the attractive craft of wool sculpture. **"Swedish Embroidery,"** by Eivor Fisher (Batsford, £2 2s.) includes beautiful illustrations of fine examples of Sweden's traditional and contemporary designs and tracing sheets. **"Beauty Book,"** by Anita Colby (Andrew Dakers, 21s.). Gives diets, exercises, fashion and grooming hints, and if you wish to become more charming and beautiful, follow the instructions given in a four week's course.

"Mr. Twining And The God Pan," by Timothy Angus Jones (James Barrie, 12s. 6d.). **"The Passionate Elopement,"** by Compton Mackenzie (Macdonald, 10s. 6d.). **"The Widow's Daughters,"** by D. A. Ponsonby (Hutchinson, 10s. 6d.). **"The Vermilion Boat,"** by Sudhin N. Ghose (Michael Joseph, 18s.). **"The Big Sin,"** by Jack Webb (Boardman, 9s. 6d.). **"Out Of Darkness,"** by E. G. Thorpe (Robert Hale, 10s. 6d.). **"Crown And Anchor,"** by Samuel Youd (Cassell, 10s. 6d.). **"The Lady Of The House,"** by Jane Lane (Robert Hale, 10s. 6d.). **"Jane Hadden,"** by Rosamond Marshall (Alvin Redman, 12s. 6d.). **"The Sea Shall Not Have Them,"** by John Harris (Hurst & Blackett, 9s. 6d.).

END

The Tragic Love Of Juliet

(*Continued from page* 42)

There, at dead of night, he arrived at the ancient mausoleum of the Capulets, and with the aid of a flickering light and a spade and iron was just breaking open the tomb when a voice from the darkness called on him to stop. It was Count Paris, come to pay his last respects, who, knowing Romeo to be a Montague, thought only that he was there to desecrate the tomb of a Capulet. He attacked him, received a mortal wound and fell dead.

Holding his light to the face of his victim, Romeo perceived with fearful shock that he had killed Count Paris (whom he had lately heard was Juliet's intended husband.) In sorrow he laid the dead Count beside the "corpse" of Juliet, kissed the lips of his beloved, took his poison and died.

Now came the friar himself to open the tomb and rescue Juliet, unaware that Romeo had already come from Mantua. Horrified, he saw by the vault the bodies of the Count and Romeo; and hearing the sound of people approaching, fled in terror.

Just then Juliet awoke from her trance to see Romeo lying before her, grasping the poison cup. In an agony of despairing grief she realized that she had lost everything worth living for, and longed to die herself.

What's here?" she says, "a cup clos'd in my true love's hand?
Poison I see hath been his timeless end;
O churl, drunk all, and left no friendly drop
To help me after? I will kiss thy lips,
Haply some poison yet doth hang on them,
To make me die with a restorative."

Kissing the dead Romeo, whose lips were still warm, she found no poison on them; and unsheathing the dagger that she carried, she stabbed herself and died beside him.

Thus tragically ended the brief romance of the two young lovers of Verona, victims of the murderous feud that split their families. It is a sombre, violent tale; but it is not the vicious rivalries of the Capulets and Montagues that linger in the memory and conjure up the essence of the story; it is the undying beauty of the love-scenes of which Shakespeare's Juliet is the heroine.

END

Surface Values

(*Continued from page* 17)

Texture contrast is as vital as colour contrast or the contrast of plain and patterned surfaces. But our eyes are so often distracted by colour and pattern that we scarcely see texture at all. Think, for example, how vital a part is played in the final picture by the texture contrast between a Guardsman's busby, his smooth but matt tunic and his smooth and shiny accoutrements even if they are stripped of all their colour.

Often, only contrast of this kind is wanted to bring a dull room to life. The texture of a raffia lampshade, a rush log basket or a single skin rug may be sufficient to do the trick. Even stippling over a glossy paint with a matt one of the same shade will work wonders with a large area of paintwork by introducing variety in texture. And the palette provided by the infinite variety of texture in everyday things is almost unlimited. Glass and wool, plaster and wood, metal and paper, silk, wicker, porcelain and leather : each has its own distinctive texture.

But textures can clash as much as colours: the shiny satin blouse worn with a rough tweed skirt is a classic example. Its equivalent in the home might be cushions of fine, lustrous taffeta on a chair of textured tweed. Or picture a shiny rayon bedspread with printed linen curtains. Then mentally change the bedspread for a tufted cotton one that provides texture contrast without the same absurdity. Textures, like patterns, must harmonize with the feeling of the room and individual pieces of furniture.

END

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Miss Nightingale In Harley Street (*Continued from page 12*)

slow, and on her return from Paris had only about ten days to furnish and prepare the Harley Street house from top to bottom.

And then she had a set-to on religion. The committee wanted the Institution to be Church of England, while Florence insisted that it be non-sectarian. And Florence won.

In getting her way in this as in other matters Florence naturally became unpopular with some of the committee; but if she was forthright and dominating it was for the Institution's good. She reformed the method of paying accounts, cut down housekeeping and catering costs, made changes in the staff, improved the status of the doctors.

But amid all the mass of routine and administrative work Florence still found time for the patients. She nursed, assisted at operations and took a warm personal interest in the welfare of the poor governesses and other ailing ladies who filled the Institution.

Yet while she found a new fulfilment in her work in Harley Street she was perhaps not wholly content. Her true mission, she felt, was among the common people; and again, she regretted that the Institution was too small for her to train nurses.

Others, too, thought that her abilities were being wasted in the narrow sphere of the Distressed Gentlewomen's Home. Dr. Bowman, the Institution's surgeon, whom she had ably helped at a cancer operation, was convinced that she deserved a bigger post, with opportunities for teaching nurses; and he suggested that she become Superintendent of Nurses at King's College Hospital, then being reorganized and rebuilt.

Mrs. Herbert and others backed the proposal, and to Florence herself it seemed most attractive. She had not finally consented, however, before an outbreak of cholera in London in the summer of 1854 called her from Harley Street to the Middlesex Hospital as a volunteer to superintend the nursing of cholera patients.

Shortly a bigger field of operations than the Institution for Sick Gentlewomen, or even King's College Hospital, lay before her. On October 15, Sidney Herbert wrote asking her to take a party of nurses to Scutari—and from then onwards the achievements of Florence Nightingale are in the pages of history.

Beside the packed, squalid hospitals of Scutari with their vast problems of healing and hygiene, the Sick Gentlewomen's Institution seems tame and insignificant. But Florence's Harley Street sojourn will always be memorable because it was here that, in a modest way, she carried out her dress-rehearsal for the gigantic task that faced her in the Crimea.

END

How Lovely It Was (*Continued from page 8*)

young man had been forty years ago. She only remembered the shock of anyone so alive dying so suddenly.

Two days later she met him at a table on the terrace. He was drinking a glass of beer, rather slowly. She paused by his table and their mutual smiles held recognition. He sprang lightly to his feet.

"Aha!" she said. "You are the young man who appreciates style. So rare. . . . But let me tell you—you shouldn't drink beer in a place like this!"

"I couldn't agree more!" he said with the same smile. "But you see though I adore champagne and I quite admit that it's the only tipple here—I'm nearly at the end of my currency."

"But that can be arranged." She was deliberately abrupt.

An attentive waiter was hovering near. She ordered two champagne cocktails.

"It's terribly sweet of you," said the young man. "But I don't quite like——"

She asked with the same abruptness: "Do you know who I am?"

"Yes, Princess."

"Then if you know who I am, you must know that I always do what I want."

"It's terribly sweet of you," he said again. "And I shall enjoy it immensely—talking to you."

She sat down at his table and the waiter brought the cocktails. The young man took a cardboard packet of cigarettes out of his pocket and offered them to her.

"You know who I am," she said. "You must tell me who you are."

"My name is Anthony Cheverell."

"Tell me—did you fly?"

"Now that's very discerning. Yes, from the beginning. I was in the Varsity Air Squadron before the war broke out."

"So you were in the R.A.F. all through the war?"

"Yes," he said and drew at his cigarette. "That's the trouble I think."

"What trouble?"

He made a little gesture with his hands.

"One had to live from hour to hour. One could look forward no further than a day. And now, you see, I can't stop doing it. I can't plan for the future. I just drift. Everything seems to need so much planning. If one thinks of becoming an architect, a lawyer, a doctor——"

She ordered two more champagne cocktails.

"I never took my degree," he said. "I had only two years up—and then came September, 1939. Oh, yes, I could have gone back. I should have got a grant. But I didn't want to. So I just scraped up what I could and drifted. And now I've come to this quite charming place." His smile included her amongst the charms.

"Come and dine with me tonight," she said. She gave him the smile that had been famous. "And tell me about the drifting."

That was how it began. Soon he was lunching and dining with her every day. The hotel guests stared. The still living ghosts said: "She's just the same."

She was even gay and charming to her husband, seeking to divert his restricted life. But he seemed to repulse her with a dead apathy. Her husband was just too dumb. She turned away from him with a flicker of impatience.

Then she invited Anthony to stay at the hotel as her guest. At first he had hesitated.

"That would be rather a supreme cadge——"

"Why? If I had a villa here, I would invite you to stay as my guest."

He came. He had taught her to live from hour to hour.

One evening she lent him money to play at the casino.

"But I can never repay you if I lose."

"What does that matter? Isn't it more reckless? To be reckless is to be lucky."

"Sometimes . . ." he said.

She stood behind him as he played, one jewelled hand on his shoulder. Not many had been so favoured. And he smiled up at her, as the croupier's rake brought him his winnings.

"*You* have brought me luck. . . ."

HE counted his winnings—nearly a thousand pounds in the money of his own country. That evening *he* took *her* out, bought the supper and the magnum. They danced on the crowded floor. She was still light on her feet and they were both happy. She had not been so happy as this for a very long time.

In the hotel corridor, he kissed her hand with a gesture which did not belong to his generation.

"*Bonne nuit, ma Princesse!*"

She thought—if I had been younger it would not have ended there. But she awoke happily and made plans. She would buy the villa and stay here, always, and Anthony would stay with her. She was glad that he took so little interest in girls. They expected you to do something positive, he said. He laughed and shrugged.

"They are predatory. Wanting you to support them and a clutch of brats! Perambulators, gas bills, income tax returns—you can see it all in their eye! *You're* the only woman who has ever understood my philosophy of living!"

She did not see him until just before luncheon when he came to her sitting-room for their usual drink. He took out a wad of notes.

"Now I can repay you."

"No——!"

"Oh, but I must! Otherwise the Goddess of Chance would be offended. I daren't anger her!"

She could not stop him but she felt that he was cutting all the links between them.

"Thanks to you," he said. "I can do what I've always wanted to do. Go to Italy now the war is over."

"To Italy——" she said, and her heart seemed to stand still.

"Yes! I bought my ticket this morning."

"When do you go?"

"Tomorrow. This evening we're going to dine on *our* terrace where you first spoke to me. Of course it's my party. . . . But you're going to take me on your magic carpet once again. Back to the lovely past!" He flicked a brand-new lighter for her cigarette and smiled—a Judas smile, she thought.

She tried to sound casual.

"You'll write? Let me know how you enjoy Italy?"

"Of course!" Bless the old poppet, he thought, I'll send her lots of postcards, those ones with brilliant blue Italian skies. Tommy's at Portofino, I can go for a cruise with him now I can pay my whack and then there are those awfully nice Americans who have a villa near Florence—they always told me to look them up—and I've always wanted to go back to that old Castello and find that Italian family who hid me when I 'chuted down behind the German lines. It's going to be marvellous!

* * *

She was alone with her husband and he had never counted. She saw he was looking at her, strangely, in a way she had never seen before.

"So you're alone?" he said. "He's gone and left you and you can't make a fool of yourself over him any longer."

She stared blankly. It was as if some stranger had taken possession of that old body propped up in the wheel chair.

"You thought he was like young——, didn't you?" and he spoke the name of the man who had crashed so long ago in the Alps.

"Do you remember him?" she said aghast.

"I remember them all."

"All. . . !" She had gone white so that the rouge on her cheeks looked like coloured chalk. "What do you mean——?"

"You understand what I mean! Were you really so silly that you didn't know that I knew the truth? Come!"

"But you never said—you never did anything——" she said breathlessly.

"Don't you realize why? So that my people should not know, the ordinary poor decent people. In the shops, behind the plough, in the mines, in the forests—and their wives and families. If I had done anything, *they* would have had to know. It was for them, I did it. Not for you." He laughed bitterly and his grin had the rage of a death's head. "I knew everything. How lovely it was!"

END

They Live With Danger

(*Continued from page 11*)

for the patients than for the Red Cross team! Was she never frightened? "No, it's too interesting to be frightening and anyway, everybody welcomed us."

Of course, Miss Jorden had, by that time, picked up a smattering of the local language and gathered a working knowledge of customs and history. "Wherever I am I find out as much as I can about the people and their background—for my own sake, not for only theirs!"

At the moment, Sister Jorden is having a few months in England. She is not idle, now—she is reading as much as she can about Korea—which may be her next port of call. And she finds time, too, to indulge in her hobbies—which can only be pursued in more peaceful surroundings than she usually enjoys.

QUITE different, though equally absorbing, is Rene England's story. Perhaps a little more self-possessed than Sister Jorden, Miss England is as natural and unheroic to talk to. Ever since her schooldays she wanted to be a surgeon. But illness, first her parents' and then her own, prevented her from realizing that ambition. "So I joined the Red Cross as a V.A.D. instead—the next best thing. But," says Miss England, "I *think* I came to know nearly as much as the S.R.N.s because whenever the nurses took exams, Matron asked me the same questions, and I could always answer them. I *should*, of course —my bookshelves at home have always been full of medical books."

During a long spell of duty in the operating theatre, V.A.D. England was really happy, she took in every movement of the surgeon, every comment, and remembered. . . . Little did she know how valuable her youthful passion for surgery would one day be. Towards the end of the war, she was sent to Brussels as Welfare Officer to help prisoners-of-war awaiting repatriation. Then, very shortly after its discovery and liberation, Miss England was sent to Belsen—her official title there was "nurse-driver."

"The disaster was so shocking—one couldn't take it in. In the camp we were just machines—we did what was possible, and we didn't think."

After only six weeks, Miss England herself became seriously ill with typhus and a carbuncle. Too ill to be moved even, she had to be nursed in the Mess, and was later sent to Denmark to recuperate.

But nothing would dissuade her from returning to Belsen. And now fortunate that she did return. A few months later, when the "lucky" ones had left Belsen, an eighteen-month-old baby lay dying. Overworked doctors could not spare the time to operate on a child which had a minute chance of surviving, while others could be saved with certainty. When Miss England saw the look of utter, complete despair on the face of the child's widowed mother, she decided that her absorbing interest in surgery had not been in vain : she asked the doctor's permission to operate. That permission was granted—because the child was sure to die if not operated on, and most probably would live if an operation could be performed. So V.A.D. England, without anaesthetic, opened a carbuncle in the head of the child. Because of the proximity to the brain, this operation is considered a skilled one. The child is alive, and healthy, today!

Since August, 1950, Miss England has been back in her native Warwickshire where she is County Director of the Red Cross. Her district is one of the country's T.B. black spots, but, if she has her way, it won't be for long. She has started a scheme whereby, through locally raised funds, non-T.B. and T.B. children are sent to Switzerland for four to six months. Most people thought she was attempting the impossible when her project first took shape. But now, one hundred and thirty Warwickshire children have already returned from Switzerland—happy and healthy.

She has never quite recovered from her illness in Belsen and, although passionately fond of the active outdoor life, can now only watch others play games. Her quiet, kindly sense of humour and her calm, reassuring manner makes it natural for people to go to her for advice and assistance. She is on countless committees and advises on all kinds of Red Cross activities. But she is probably happiest when visiting the Red Cross Children's Home near Leamington, watching the children playing and being normally, happily naughty as the Belsen children never were.

RED CROSS work attracts brave and tireless women. Miriam Jowett, for instance, who left her job in a bank to serve full time ten years ago. A slightly built woman with a radiant air, she is pretty and smart—in uniform and out. She was the first welfare officer in Berlin after the war to help British subjects there. Her cheerful resourcefulness, her efforts at tracing missing relatives are remembered by all who came into contact with her. Now, she is County Director for Glamorgan, and the tireless energy which brought success to her Red Cross work in Berlin is now directed to the many activities of the Red Cross Branch in this busy county.

There are women like Helen Barclay, Deputy County Officer for Norfolk, who for years do quiet, steady work—inspecting cadets, enrolling new recruits, examining V.A.D.s and so on. Then, suddenly, on January 31 Miss Barclay became *the* Helen Barclay. The floods came, and, at the risk of her own life, she rescued an old couple who were marooned in their cottage. Miss Barclay got the M.B.E. for this.

Not all Red Cross work is spectacular and dramatic—but the full-time workers are, let's face it, the "saints" among us. All agreed that this is the life they want. Lucky for the rest of humanity that there *are* women like that! But without part-time helpers as "supporting cast," none of these women could achieve their ends. The rôle of the supporting cast is vital to the success of the whole performance!

Is this the moment to say that there is a shortage of women who can give a few hours a week . . . ?

END

Exquisite sheets, pillowcases and towels by

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Gourmet's Holiday (*Continued from page 37*)

Pernod—usually called *pastis*. It is a yellow liquid that clouds when you add water and it tastes rather like cough mixture—aniseed with a dash of peppermint. It is especially popular in southern France and deceptively intoxicating.

Gin and, particularly, whisky are costly in France. Avoid them. On a hot day a delicious drink is Vermouth Cassis—vermouth and blackcurrant cordial with soda and ice.

A pleasant, sweetish apéritif is called Rossi. It has a vermouth base and is improved if you put a piece of ice in it. All French cafés and restaurants will produce ice on request.

The most expensive food in France is lobster. If you want lobster in any form, expect to pay for it. The cheapest food, by and large, is an omelette.

Broadly speaking, you eat best in central France and the quality diminishes at the northern and southern ends. The French Riviera is an indifferent area for food.

If you are motoring across France from Calais you will probably be pursuing one of four routes—to the Spanish Atlantic coast border at Irun; down the centre towards Toulouse; down the Rhone Valley to Marseilles; or over the Route des Alpes to Nice.

Whatever your destination, the first leg of the journey is likely to be from Calais to Paris, dull country for the most part from the scenic point of view and not spectacular from the point of view of food.

Fish are the specialities of this region and sole and turbot are to be found at their best here. There is nothing regional of much interest in terms of wine.

You can, however, find some excellent restaurants, particularly at Boulogne, Abbeville and Amiens, and I would advise any stop for food between Calais and Paris being made at one of these places.

BEFORE I go into specific recommendations, however, I should point out three things. Firstly, restaurants good enough to warrant recommendation tend to be expensive. If you find them too expensive when you examine their menus, do a little exploration on your own.

Secondly, one cannot rely completely on any restaurant index. If a place has changed hands recently its cuisine or service may have deteriorated or altered.

Thirdly, prices fluctuate so widely in France that it is difficult to suggest what a meal at a given restaurant will cost. Any prices (where quoted) should be regarded only as an indication and as including a table wine and service. A lot depends on what you eat, but broadly quoted prices infer a three- or four-course meal (including cheese) of an excellent but not wildly luxurious character.

One of the best of the Calais restaurants is the Meurice in the rue Vauxhall. Does a good chicken in casserole and ham in white wine. It has excellent Beaune in the cellar.

Boulogne has two or three first-rate places, notably the Restaurant Aquarium in the place Franc-Marche where a meal will cost you about 16s. to £1. Less dear is the Brasserie Coq Hardi in the rue Monsigny, which has a *table d'hôte* at 8s. and 14s. Try the *Turbot Cutlet Duglère* and the pancakes with cream.

At Abbeville you will get a good meal in the station buffet—in fact, when in doubt, you will often find the French station buffets reasonable and very good.

Amiens boasts two first-class restaurants—the Salons Godbert, rue Jacobins, where they grill meat over a wood fire and do excellent *tournedos* and a liqueur *soufflée*—reckon about 18s. a head; and the Au Royal, rue Ernest Cauvin, which is superb but will cost you 25s.

In this area, as a liqueur drink Calvados (applejack) or Marc, a fiery but excellent liqueur with a grape base.

Paris has thousands of excellent restaurants. I have room for only a few. Aux Trois Marronniers, on the quai de New York, next the Museum of Modern Arts. It overlooks the river and Eiffel Tower. You can eat well here. A good, if rich dish, is the Escalope of Veal in cream. A meal should cost about 10s. or 12s.

A la Bonne Cuisine in the rue Brey off the avenue Wagram near the Etoile—a good area for inexpensive eating. You can eat very well here for 10s. or 11s.

A la Chope de l'Opéra—a business man's restaurant in the rue Louis le Grand off the boulevard des Italiens close to the Opéra. It has excellent steaks and inexpensive burgundies. Reckon on about 12s. 6d. a head.

Very friendly and simple is the little Maison Cordier at 17 bis quai des Grands Augustins, ten yards from the place St. Michel in the Latin Quarter. The artists of the tiny Ecluse Theatre next door eat here. Cost about 7s. 6d.

To my mind one of the greatest restaurants in Paris is the Taverne Nicolas Flamel in the rue Montmorency. An inn since A.D. 1407, and reputedly the oldest house in Paris, its food is superb, especially its stuffed veal, olives and its kidneys. Expect to pay 30s. to 35s. for a feast.

The rue Montmorency is near the Sebastopol Turbigo-Arts et Métiers Métro station. It is a narrow street and not easy to find.

IN a similar class is the Escargot near the market (Les Halles) in the rue Montorgueil. If you've never had it, eat their *quenelles*. This is a hard dish to describe. It is made of pike or chicken pounded to the consistency of a banana and shaped like little sausages. It is served with the most exquisite sauce—often a lobster sauce. Unbelievably delicious. The Escargot serves excellent onion soup, but this is a bit heavy for summer eating. The price is about the same as that at the Taverne Nicolas Flamel.

Also in a similar price class is Le Bossu on the Ile St. Louis, run by a statuesque and smartly dressed *patronne*. It is small and intimate and specializes in a lobster tart and delicious chicken *à l'estragon* (tarragon sauce).

Quenelles is a Burgundian dish and you can sample it at its best if you pass through the Auxerre, Dijon, Mâcon region on your way to Lyons. This is, of course, the district of the world's most superb wines. In the reasonable price range drink Pouilly-Fuisse or Pouilly-Blanc-Fume in whites, and the Beaujolais or Moulins à Vent in reds.

You will have no difficulty in finding fine places to eat in this area, but if you want something special, try one of the following: At Sens—the Hotel Ecu, eat the kidneys *flambés*, duck cooked in Pommard or the *quenelles*. About 24s.

At Auxerre—the Restaurant Cerf Volant (about £1) which does chicken in a special way (*Poulet Cerf Volant*) and has an excellent way of serving ham (*jambon chaud à la mode du chef*). There is some good Chablis and a Burgundy rosé.

Dijon has many fine eating places of which the cream are the Restaurant Pré-aux-Clercs and the Restaurant Trois-Faisans. The former does a magnificent chicken in Burgundy. Both are expensive and you will spend 30s. but eat wonderfully. Once again the station buffet is to be recommended. Its *table d'hôte* menu always contains a regional speciality. Cost between 10s. to 18s.

At Mâcon, the Auberge Bressan offers menus at about 7s. 6d., 12s. 6d. and 20s.—all good and progressively more lavish. The *escalope Aurore* and *Poulet Chez Soi* are excellent. Less expensive—Le Manoir (12s. to 14s.).

AT Lyons, a gourmet's paradise, the great restaurants include the Leon de Lyon, rue Pleney, and Chez la Mère Guy, quai J. J. Rousseau. These are costly—up to £2 a head. But if you can afford it, they're worth it. The Perrache railway station has a S.N.C.F. Gastronomic Buffet of which it is very proud. Less expensive places include the Brasserie Georges, 30 cours Verdun (about 12s. 6d.) and the Chateaubriand in the place Kléber which has a magnificent *table d'hôte* for about 15s.

Once past Lyons the regional cuisine deteriorates rapidly, although you can find still good places. But Mediterranean fish, garlic in too great quantity and poor meat grow in evidence the closer you get to the Côte d'Azur.

At Orléans, the station restaurant will do you well for about 12s. A popular dish hereabouts is a fry of small Loire fish. The finest restaurant is possibly the Auberge St. Jacques, rue Lin, but it will cost some 25s. Drink Muscadet, or better still Coteaux du Layon. The Loire Valley has a delicious sparkling wine called Vouvray which has a wine taste where champagne is transformed into something unique. But don't pay champagne prices for it.

AT Tours the *fricassée* of chicken is a local speciality. Au Bec Fin will give you tasty mushroom pancakes and kidneys done their own way and your bill will be about 18s. The Grand Hotel near the station is cheaper—say 15s. *à la carte*. This is where M. Vincent Auriol was dined by the city.

At Poitiers try the local wine. Local dishes are rabbit sauté and trout. The best food is to be found at the Chapon Fin and the Hotel France and the Fleure Léthé (Waters of Léthé) where you can eat mushroom *cromeskis* and *Escalopes à la Crème* for from 9s. to 14s.

Bordeaux is a noted place for good eating. I had one of the best meals of my life in the Restaurant Etche-Ona, rue Mautrec. In Bordeaux, as in Bayonne, the Basque cuisine is beginning to evidence itself. Pimento, garlic and rice are increasingly used.

Drink claret, of course. There are plenty of inexpensive Graves and clarets from which to choose.

At Bayonne, the station restaurant, the Hotel Capagory and the Panier Fleuri will feed you well. Prices from 8s. to 15s. A speciality of the district is a soup called *tourin* with a tomato and garlic base.

At Limoges, the station buffet, the Beaurivage or Le Luc are likely to offer the best food. The Beaurivage is a little less expensive than Le Luc at which you would probably pay about 15s. to 20s.

More interesting from the food angle is Montluçon. Fresh water fish, game, mushrooms in cream sauce, cherry tart and goat cheese are all local products.

The station restaurant is good, so are the Château St. Jean and Le Riche. The latter will cost about 15s. St. Pourcain is a good local white wine; Hurle a local red.

A Toulouse dish that I do not care much about is *cassoulet* in which white beans are a prominent ingredient, but asparagus, goose and *foie gras* are also local delicacies. The Restaurant Richelieu is good, but dear. The Seville is a little less so (about 22s.) and the Tivollier has a menu at about 15s. and is possibly the best bet.

Cheaper are the Restaurant Paix and Le Languedoc, both in the place Capitole.

If you are crossing the Spanish Frontier at Port Bou be sure to stop off at Carcassonne for a couple of hours. Here is a completely walled medieval city in perfect preservation—a glorious and unique sight. Moreover, you will lunch well at the Hotel Central.

And finally here are a few general tips. Generally speaking it is better to eat at restaurants than hotels. The latter make most of their profit from their rooms. A restaurant has to rely solely on its food for its success. Of course, many hotels do have excellent restaurants, but the modernity of an hotel's plumbing is not a guarantee of its cuisine.

For questions of accommodation and plumbing consult the reliable Guide Michelin. In regard to food there is no sure guide. I have myself been very unlucky with the Auberges de France.

Unless you are very careful you can easily spend nearly as much on buying ham, sausage, bread, fruit and wine for picnic purposes as you would for lunch in a restaurant.

It is all right to drink tap water in Paris. Drink Vichy or Evian elsewhere, especially in the south.

END

Tom Thumb Gardens

(*Continued from page 21*)

There is a dianthus, from Herzegovina, a neat hummock of grey-green foliage starred with gay little pink, scented flowers. *Calceolaria tenella*, a native of Chile, is a pale green mat of tiny leaves with yellow "purse" flowers on slender 2-in. stems. From Majorca comes an attractive plant of the geranium family, *Erodium chamaedryoides*, with pink flowers in profusion right through the summer. *Iris lacustris* is very beautiful, with purple flowers crested with gold; this is a native of North America. A forget-me-not, *Myosotis rupicola*, brilliant in colour, only two inches high, comes from the European alps. *Primula scotica*, from the Highlands, is one of the most enchanting plants, a rosette of pale green leaves from which rises a cluster of vivid, rosy lilac flowers on a one-inch stem. *Primula Clarkei*, is a rich rose pink, with dark bronze green leaves, that comes from Kashmir.

Rhodendron impeditum, a 6-in. shrub with leaves and clusters of purple flowers in proportion, is a native of China. From Australia comes a little violet, the petals are half white and half purple, rather quaint and very attractive. The smallest of all violets, is *V. Yakusimana*, it is barely half an inch high, with diminutive white flowers veined with purple. Although there is a popular fallacy that all miniature trees and plants are Japanese, this violet, and a beautiful flowering shrub called *Cassiope lycopoides*, are the only Japanese plants which I use in my gardens.

There is a very graceful jasmine with sweetly scented yellow flowers, which are followed by glossy black seeds, like gleaming little beads. This shrub comes from the Himalayas. A true little trumpet daffodil, *Narcissus minima*, from the Spanish hills, is barely 2 in. high, with slender leaves whose gay little yellow flowers appear as early as January. If the weather is not too unkind, these flowers will last for two or three weeks. Apart from the plants mentioned, there are many others, equally charming, and it can add much to the interest of the garden to have in one small container, living happily together, plants which originated from such diverse parts of the world as the European Alps, Africa, China, India, America, Australia and New Zealand.

FOR a garden which is to stand on a pedestal, the best type of container is an old stone sink; the mellow colour of the stone makes an excellent background for the plants. Glazed sinks are unsuitable as, apart from their ugly appearance, they are not porous, and the roots of the plants will not be as healthy as they are in porous stone, earthenware or concrete. The latter is an excellent substitute for stone and is both cheaper and lighter. Weight is a very important factor when a garden is to stand on a roof or window ledge.

Planning a miniature garden is quite fascinating; the design can be either a rock garden, with little cushion plants set snugly in the valleys between the rocks, and with trees which have a windswept look; or a simple landscape without rocks or ornamental features, but planted with groups of trees varying in shape, and with carpeting plants, spring flowering bulbs, violets, primulas and forget-me-nots.

The formal design with steps and paths leading to a pool, sundial or bird bath, demands very careful planning, as if it is too ambitious, it tends to look fussy and muddled. But if planned with restraint can be quite enchanting.

Miniature roses were originally grown exclusively as indoor pot plants, and some of these, together with a small tree and some shade-loving alpines, can make a very attractive indoor garden. It should be kept close to the window and requires a little extra attention, such as spraying, to compensate for the dry atmosphere of a living-room. But the little trouble involved is amply repaid by the pleasure the garden can give, especially to invalids who are confined to the house.

By arrangement with Messrs Cussons who have popularized miniature gardens designed by Anne Ashberry in their current advertising, a key to the garden illustrated in colour, with details of the plants used and where they can be bought, will be sent on receipt of a stamped, addressed envelope to Britannia and Eve, Ingram House, 195 Strand, London, W.C.2.

END

"The Predestined"

(*Continued from page 14*)

eyes was not indifferent to him. For now that the too-red mouth with its petulant lower lip had been brought under control, his perfect physique and regular features were enough to cause a flutter in an even more sternly disciplined heart than Eunice's.

He would have brought matters to a head that last Saturday afternoon in May-week, as they punted down to Byron's pool between the daisied banks of the Cam. But Eunice—wise girl—had brought along her Pekinese, Snap, who had a knack of creating some diversion whenever relations threatened to become too intimate.

But he would have his chance with Eunice that night at the Trinity Ball. Jasper had hired "tails" for the occasion, and their perfect fit had given him much satisfaction when he had tried them on that morning.

BEFORE the dance they were invited to dine with the Dean of Trinity, and Douglas had assembled his party of men and maidens a little before eight. Eunice was there with Snap, who was to be left in charge of the landlady. In the adjoining bedroom Jasper was putting the finishing touches to his toilet. He was nervous and somewhat afraid. He had learned by now that nervous strain—especially in the evening—

(*Continued on page 68*)

some absorbing features in the September issue

WE PLAN A ROOM FOR YOU

This instructional article is an answer to the many readers who have asked us if it is feasible to unite good taste and comfort with a moderate expenditure in a furnishing scheme. We believe it is and, in consultation with Michael Sheridan who has a wide experience of furnishing problems, we have planned a living room in every detail. It will be illustrated in full colour in the September *issue of* Britannia and Eve.

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SUBJECT TO CONTRACT

You want a country cottage and so you just go ahead and buy it! But is it as simple as that? This is a personal experience piece, disclosing and discussing the problems which arise when the "contract stage" is reached.

ANOTHER SPRING

Alan Cash writes of his own experiences cruising around the coast and some of the inland territories of South Africa—now becoming more and more the winter resort of English people. The article is illustrated in full colour.

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was apt to bring on that queer constriction of the throat, followed by a short emotional spasm when he was hardly responsible for his actions.

The college clock struck eight.

"We'll be late, and the dean's a stickler for punctuality," said Douglas, moving towards the bedroom door.

His sister restrained him, laughingly. "Let's send little Snappy boy in to hurry him up." Eunice opened the door just wide enough for the Pekinese to enter.

There was a sound of playful yapping and then a howl of pain. The door was flung wide open and the dog hurtled across the room with Jasper's foot behind it.

"Damn that blasted dog! And damn, triple damn this cursed collar!"

Jasper's eyes were wild and there was an ugly weal on his neck and throat. Oblivious of the ladies, he stood like the mad Hercules pouring his oaths out to heaven and hell.

Then there was a moment of stunned silence, broken only by the whimpering of the dog.

Finally Douglas stammered: "Look here, old man, this won't—er do, you know——"

But Jasper did not listen. He had gone back into the bedroom.

He never saw Eunice Mervyn again.

* * *

AT thirty-four Jasper Dogarty could hardly be called a success. His latest job of selling on commission for a large perfume company barely paid for the single Bloomsbury room and the commonest necessities of life. It did not cover the rich foods, the pink gins and the double whiskies to which he had become increasingly addicted. But it had one advantage. It brought him into contact with rich—usually older—women who could supply many such little luxuries. But suddenly, it seemed, women had become more sensible, or less sensitive, to Jasper's attractions. Invitations were falling off. His bathroom mirror finally told him the reason. He was getting fat—yes, F-A-T, fat.

He must, he told himself, perpetrate the only dishonesty that he had not as yet tried with the opposite sex. He must get married—and fast.

Quickly, almost feverishly, he reviewed his list of matrimonial prospects.

A few weeks later he was the husband of Sophie Cain, a widow ten years his senior, who enjoyed comfortable ill-health, a more than comfortable income and a magnificent Mayfair flat.

Other appurtenances of wealth included an almost new Rolls-Royce and a nearby doctor who, cheerfully and unashamedly, pandered to her hypochondria.

Such things were, however, mere baubles of a temporal nature. Sophie Cain, now Dogarty, had spiritual wealth, too—a sincere, if rather narrow, religious creed, and the services of a more devout, far narrower female companion—Miss Grace Goodman.

Jasper's bathroom mirror had driven him to matrimony so precipitously that he had had no time to find out that he would be obliged to take on not only the assets but also the liabilities of his beloved. Both her income and her capital were untouchable during her lifetime and, though she consented to make a will largely in his favour, she insisted that Miss Goodman should continue to run the household and hold tight upon the purse-strings.

Jasper, shorter of pocket money than ever, found what solace he could in flaunting the Rolls-Royce before his former "customers," and in the convivial atmosphere of Dr. Belk's flat, which was immediately below his own. The latter, his wife's physician, was a cheerful old rascal, who soon showed that he was more than ready to enter with Jasper into a defensive alliance against Miss Grace Goodman.

"WHAT your wife really needs is cheering up a bit," said Dr. Belk, as he and Jasper sipped their drinks one evening. "But old goody-goody Goodman is always reminding her of her mortality and scaring the living daylights out of her."

"My wife isn't seriously ill, then?"

"We—ll, you know how it is with women her age." The doctor spread out his hands and shrugged. "I'm not saying she doesn't need medical attention now and then. There is a little cardiac trouble. Flittery, fluttery, you know. A car accident, too hot a bath, a shock, running for a bus might bring on a syncope."

Dr. Belk lifted his glass. "A little of this—a little fun now and then—theatres, dinner-parties—they would work wonders for Sophie." He winked.

Of course Jasper realized the meaning of that wink was: "Get rid of Miss Goodman and there will be the more pickings for you and me."

But as he thought it over, he was not sure he wanted to get rid of Miss Goodman. The doctor had given him another idea, in which Miss Goodman might be quite useful—quite useful for a plan he had conceived.

HIS chance came about some two weeks later when Mrs. Belk sent a polite note, asking Mr. and Mrs. Dogarty to cocktails and dinner the following Saturday.

"Do you good, dear," urged Jasper. "And the doctor wouldn't ask you if he didn't think you up to it. I've promised anyhow, but I'd hate to go and leave you all alone."

Saturday evening was proverbially Miss Goodman's night off. Every Saturday at seven she marched off on foot—scorning buses and Tubes just as she scorned raincoats and umbrellas—to visit her brother in Maida Vale.

Of course cocktails were out of the question for Sophie. But Jasper could go an hour early and his wife would join later.

Before leaving, Miss Goodman prepared a bath for her mistress (carefully testing it to body temperature), and laid out the least becoming of her evening gowns.

Jasper made a point of leaving the flat a few seconds before she did, and Miss Goodman saw him, as the lift bore her downwards, standing outside the door of the doctor's flat as if waiting for admittance.

But as soon as the lift had passed, Jasper climbed the one flight of stairs to his flat and quietly let himself in. Then, noiselessly, he moved to the bedroom door and waited.

AT length the faint sound of splashing told him that his wife was in her bath.

He put on his dressing-gown over his dinner jacket. Then slowly — silently — deliberately — he made for the half-opened bathroom door.

And slowly — silently — deliberately —he entered and did what he had to do. There was no struggle as poor Sophie's head was submerged beneath the water.

He ran some hot water into the bath, remembering the doctor's words that too hot a bath might well cause a syncope. It would be at least an hour and a quarter before he need feign anxiety as to his wife's non-appearance at the Belks's dinner-table. After that he had planned to "discover" the "accident" himself. His alibi would be almost spite-proof, and his grief more than convincing. By the time Miss Goodman returned at about eleven o'clock, any awkward questions about the temperature of the water or the splashes on the bathroom floor, etc., would be unnecessary and out of place. Sophie's body would (with good luck) have been removed, and her death certificate, duly signed by the complacent Dr. Belk, might well be a *fait accompli*.

So far so good.

HE hung up his dressing-gown in its usual place, and walked down to the Belks's flat, where he was admitted at less than five minutes past seven.

He was in splendid form both with his hosts and their guests. Dr. Belk kept plying his glass, whispering: "Make hay while the sun's shining, eh, my boy?"

"Talking about the sun's shining," put in Mrs. Belk, "just look at that! Why, who'd have thought!" She had pulled aside the curtain to show a sudden torrential rain storm. There were rumblings of thunder and angry tongues of lightning.

The noise was deafening. But the banging at the door and the screeching of the bell were heard above the thunder.

Instinct told Jasper what it was. Even Grace Goodman's stout heart had quailed before those drenching floods of rain. She had returned home—too early.

He was conscious of her standing in the Belks's doorway, dripping wet, screaming: "Doctor, come quick. It's Mrs. Cain—she's dead—drowned in her bath!"

Jasper gulped down his own cocktail and another one that stood nearby. Then, moving like an automaton, he followed the doctor up to his own flat.

He was a little drunk.

Much later, so it seemed, he heard the doctor's voice, rich and fruity: "Bear up, old man. I'm afraid she's gone. I always told her that she might have an attack if her bath-water was too hot. Just an accident."

A few minutes before eight o'clock the police arrived, summoned by Miss Goodman, and again he heard her voice, shrilling protestingly about the heat of the bath-water and the relatively excellent health of Mrs. Cain when she had left her.

And then Jasper was aware of a distant church clock striking eight, and a young-looking police officer was questioning him in a polite, B.B.C. voice:

"I know how you feel, Mr. Dogarty, but. . . ."

But he did not know how Jasper felt. Only Jasper knew the feeling of that dreaded constriction round his throat—that choking sensation that had so often gripped him in moments of crisis. Instinctively his hand went up to loosen his tie and collar.

"That mark on your neck, Mr. Dogarty?" said the young officer, less polite now. "It looks freshly made—as though you'd been—er—struggling with someone."

And then Jasper, fuddled by cocktails and bewildered by Miss Goodman's accusatory screeching, made the mistake of his life—the mistake which was to cost him his life.

"Struggle? Oh no. She didn't struggle. . . ."

It was a slip of the tongue.

The young detective knew, of course, that this little slip of Jasper's could not be used in evidence, since no official warning had been given. But he also knew that, in a murder case, half the battle was won if one knew the identity of the murderer.

It was only a matter of hours before Jasper Dogarty was held without bail, charged with the murder of his wife.

* * *

MR. JUSTICE HARRIMAN slumped into his armchair before the fire in his chambers at the Old Bailey. He was tired, and he knew the jury was tired, too, as he had kept them late into the evening.

At a few minutes before eight he was told the jury had agreed upon their verdict.

Back in the Court, his wrinkled old face was an expressionless mask.

"Guilty. . . ."

As the clock struck eight, he put his formal question to Jasper. Receiving no reply, he assumed the black cap.

And so, one morning, the governor and his officers proceeded to Jasper's cell, where they pinioned his hands.

On the gallows, Jasper may have heard the first stroke of eight as they shrouded his head.

In the shed below, the rope was loosened from Jasper's neck. The two official doctors, waiting for the last heartbeat, looked indifferently at the ugly, bluish-red marks about his throat—those same marks that had worried the loving eyes of his grandmother at eight o'clock many evenings ago, and, recently, drawn the suspicious eyes of the young police officer who had arrested him.

They were the marks of his predestination.

END

1.8.53

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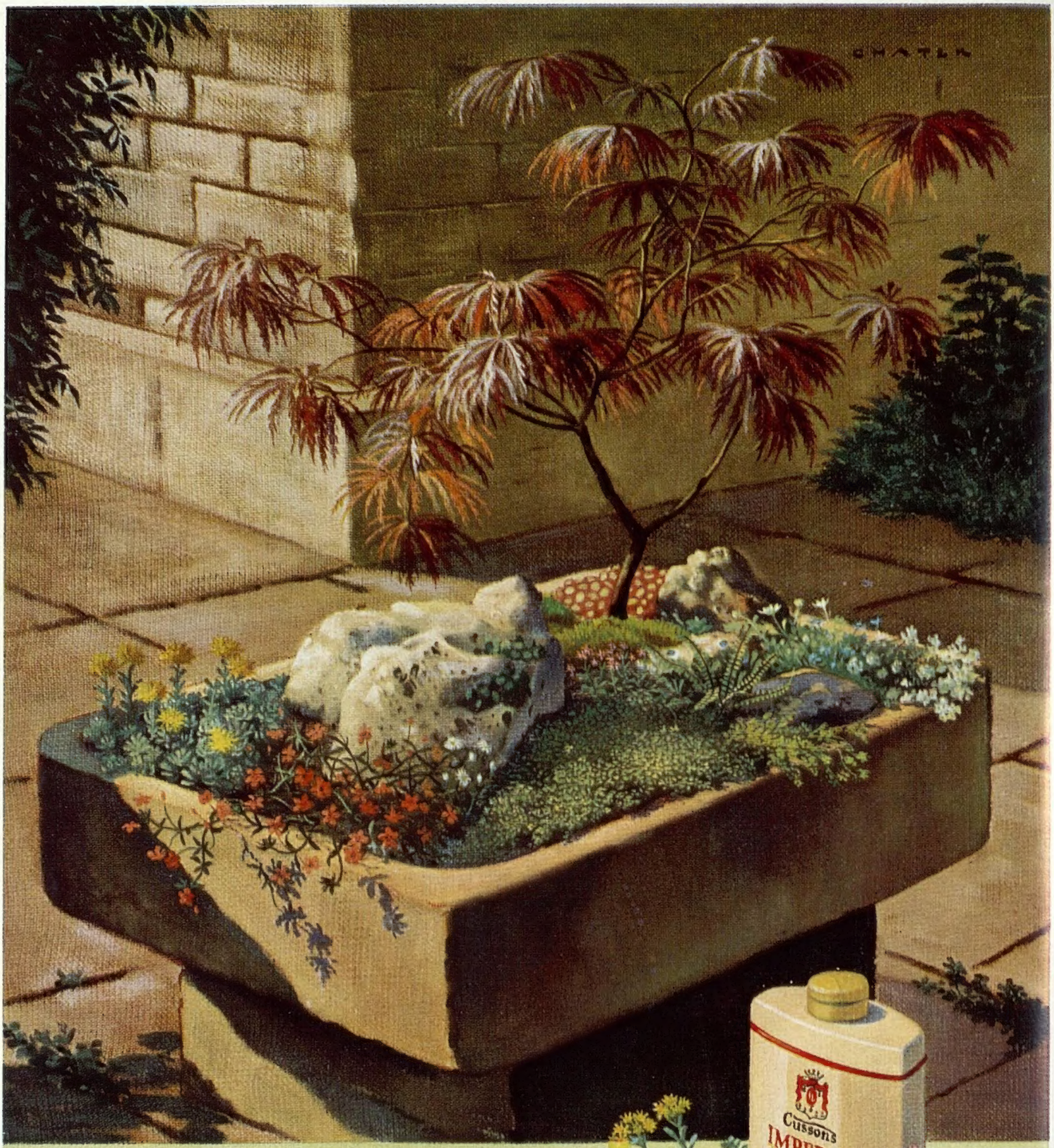

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